Saturday Review

DECEMBER 1, 1962 / 25¢

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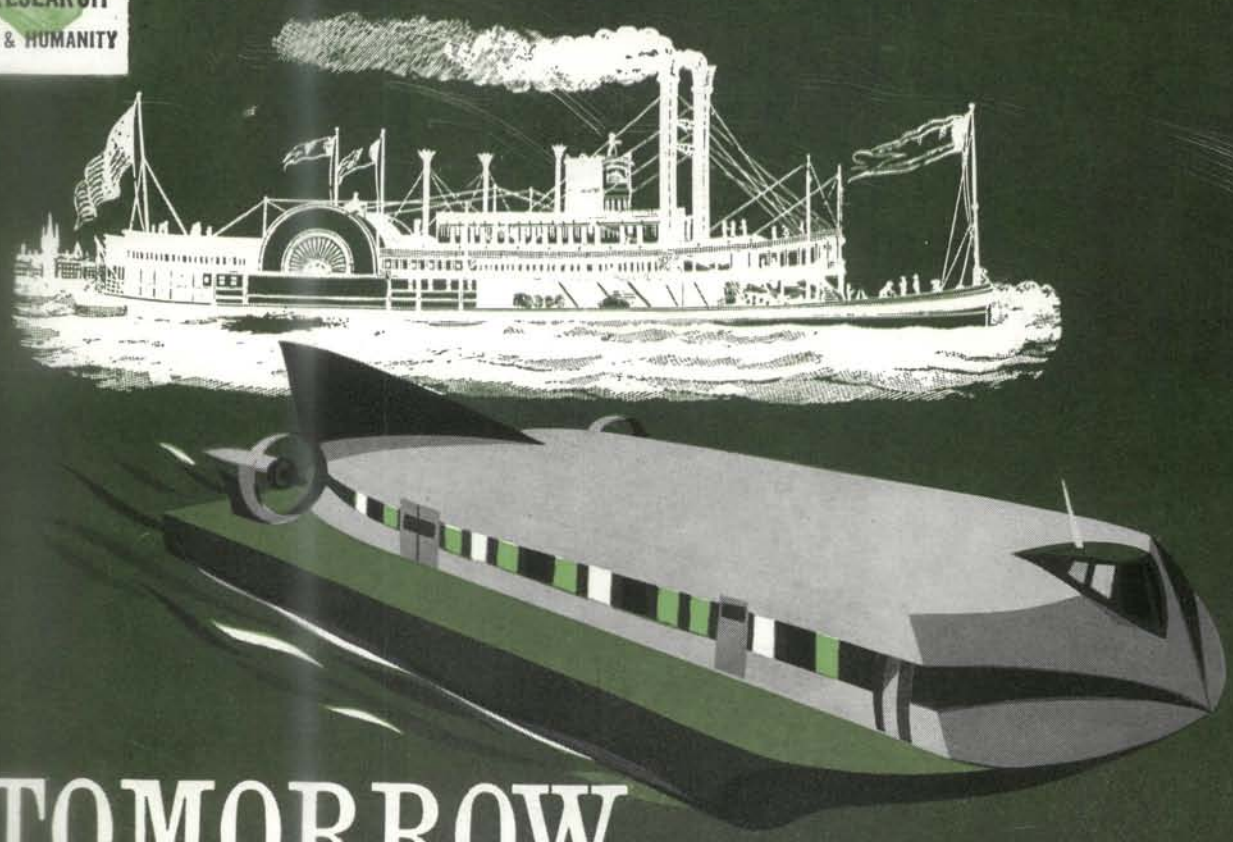
SCIENCE & HUMANITY



TOMORROW ON THE MISSISSIPPI

HOVERBOATS WON'T WAIT FOR A LAZY CURRENT

By **Congressman George Miller** *of California;*
Chairman, Science and Astronautics Committee, U.S. House of Representatives

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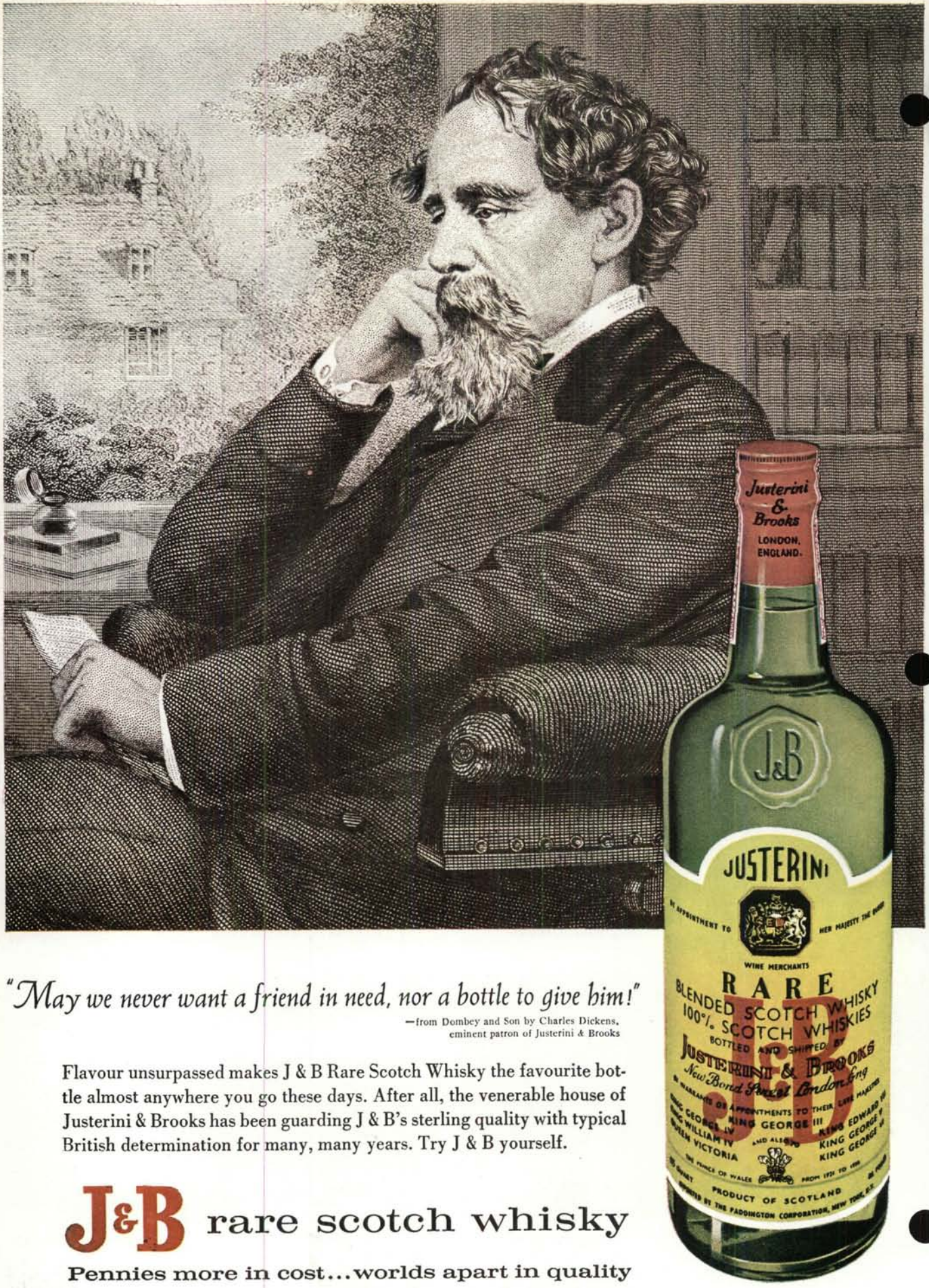

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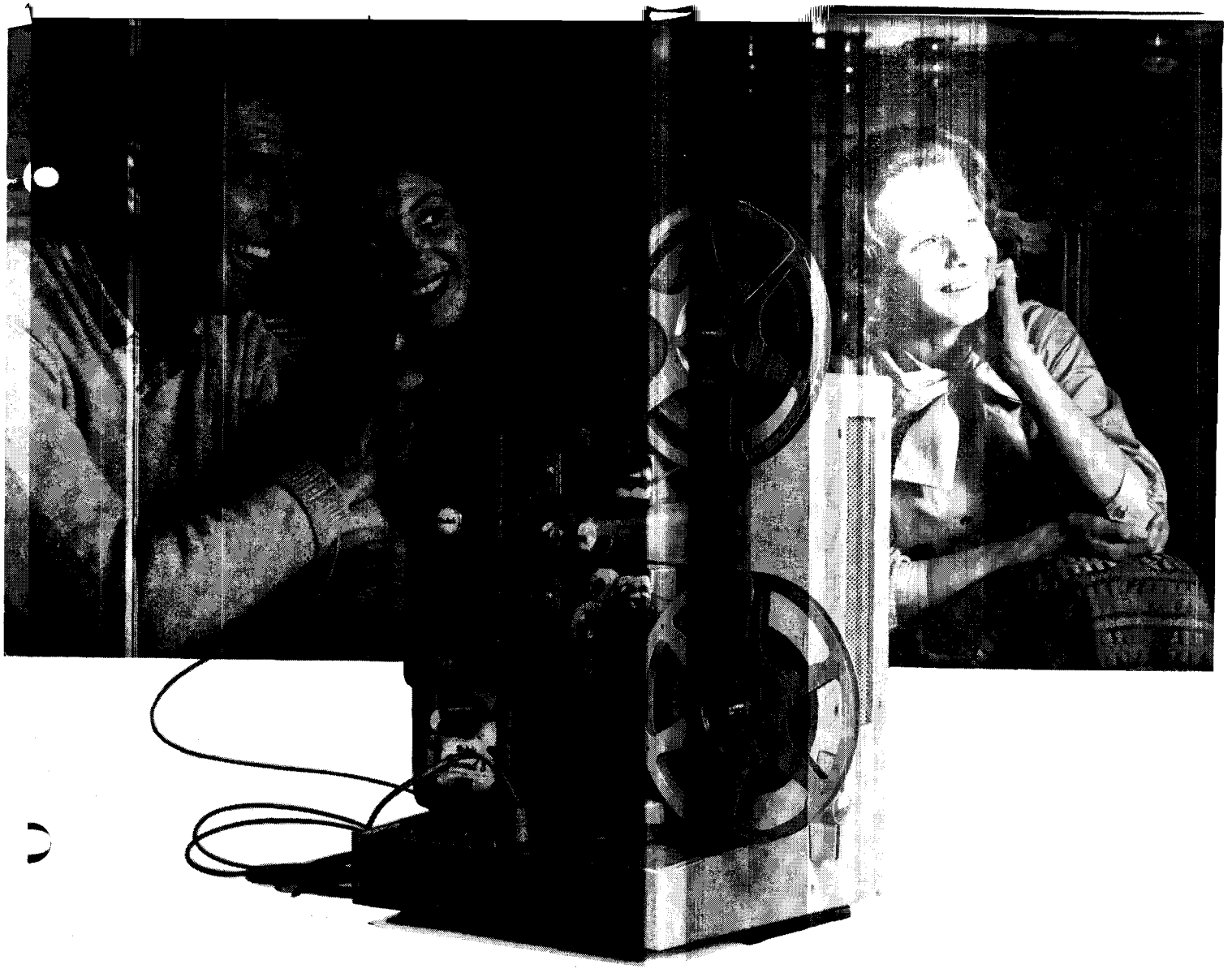

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(Advertisement)

One of the most nerve-wracking people to have around, I think, is the man or woman whose seasonal avocation is several months away. There isn't much for this poor soul to do during the off season except sit in the living room oiling his catcher's mitt, or sanding his skis or (at this time of year) dreaming of next summer's sailing.

For a person like this—and I'm one of them—books are a special boon, since they make a favorite sport available all year.

Today's case in point is a new book called "Basic Seamanship and Safe Boat Handling," by Blair A. Walliser. For those of us outside the sunny South, December may seem an odd time to talk about boats, but nothing could be a more practical gift for the dedicated yachtsman beached for the winter.

Though it's too early to begin getting the boat ready for launching, it's certainly not too soon to begin learning a little more for the season ahead; "Basic Seamanship and Safe Boat Handling," as the title implies, is an eminently practical volume.

There are chapters on how to polish one's navigation, on what to carry aboard—in order of importance—on just about everything, in fact, that would make boating more fun and less dangerous.

So if there's someone in your house (yourself included) who moons about longing for launching day, get a copy of "Basic Seamanship and Safe Boat Handling." It'll pay future dividends in fun and security, and immediate ones in peace and quiet.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Basic Seamanship and Safe Boat Handling" ($4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies are available at your local bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach 39, Florida.

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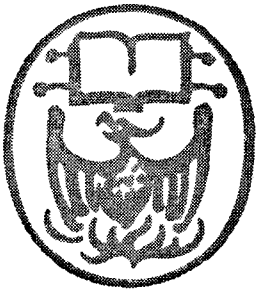

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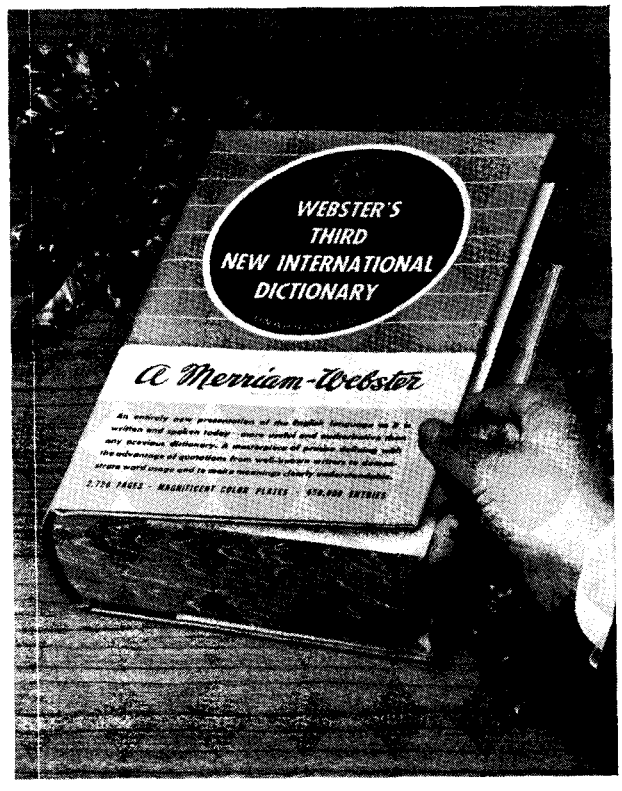

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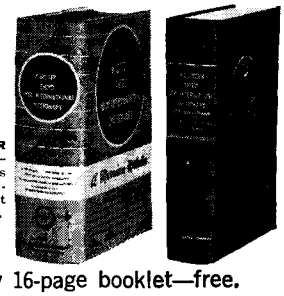

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First of the Month

By CLEVELAND AMORY

NOVEMBER was the month of the on-site inspections and the off-year elections, of Krishna Menon and the Monster Mash, of Nixon's farewell to the press and the return of Alger Hiss. As for the elections, the single vote was proved to be not only the only vote that counted—but also, in many cases, the vote that was recounted. Closest of all was little Rhode Island, where just sixty-eight votes (before the absentees were counted) separated John Chafee, Republican, from Governor John Notte, Jr., Democrat. We liked best the unconscious and unpremeditated prediction of an excited Rhode Island newscaster late election night. "Whatever happens," he said breathlessly, "in the Governor's Mansion next January we're going to have a John!"

• • •

During the month we journeyed up to Boston to address the fifteenth annual convention of the Public Relations Society of America. Among our fellow speakers was Dr. Edward Annis, president-elect of the American Medical Association, who spoke out, forceps and scalpel, against Medicare. Dr. Annis also told us of visiting Astronaut Walter Schirra, Jr., shortly after his orbital flight at Cape Canaveral. What, he asked Schirra, was he thinking at the exact moment of blast-off? "Well," replied Schirra, "I was looking down at all that machinery and equipment and rockets and things under me, and I thought, 'Just think—all that power was assembled by the lowest bidder.'"

• • •

At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the PR men visited the newest PR monster, a "People" machine—one which, Professor Ithiel de Sola explained, was actually used during the 1960 Kennedy campaign. Into it was fed not only statistics but also even "attitudes" toward Catholicism in various areas, and out of it came news, for the Kennedy campaigners, of just how much "penetration" was necessary. For Teddy Kennedy, apparently, the machine got fed up all right—but no one even bothered with the "penetration."

At the Harvard Business School we heard Henry Russell, president-elect of the Carling Brewing Company, make a standing offer of a case of beer to any PR man who could come up with a new name for the term "Corporate Image." No one did—but, we are told, another PR man has already come up with a new name for some people who want to change not only their image but also their name—the National Association of Manufacturers. His suggestion: The Makers of America.

• • •

The No. 1 PR story of the month appeared in *Public Relations Journal*—the story of the boy who, PR trained and off for his first prom, was told by his parents that girls love to be complimented no matter what the circumstance and he was to compliment every girl he danced with. When the young man returned home early in the evening wearing a large black eye received at the hands of a young lady his parents admonished him. Had he complimented her? "Yeah," the young man replied, he had. Well, his parents wanted to know, what did he say?

"We were dancing around," the young man said, and I gave her a compliment. I said that for a fat girl she sure didn't sweat much."

• • •

First honors for PR work at the convention itself, however, went to none of the speakers but instead to a young priest who delivered the invocation at the opening-day luncheon. This invocation, by Father John J. Hever, of St. Joseph's Church, Belmont, Massachusetts, was, as far as we were concerned, the speech of the month:

> Almighty God, our Father and our friend, we know that your memory of earthly banquet halls is pretty grim, ever since that first Christmas eve when an insolent fellow in a greasy apron at the only hotel in town slammed the door right in your mother's pleading face.
>
> Well, the mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly fine, and here we are today, twenty centuries later, on a continent that the innkeeper never knew existed, speaking a language he never heard, and our very first thought before we sit down to our banquet tables is to

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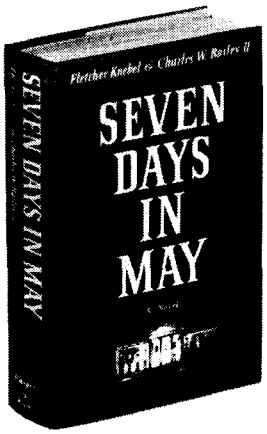

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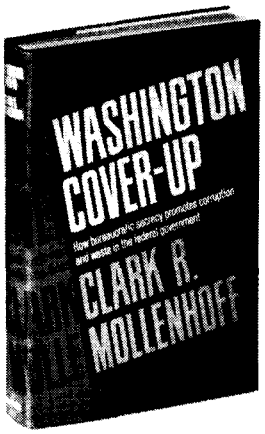
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How bureaucratic secrecy promotes corruption and waste in the federal government
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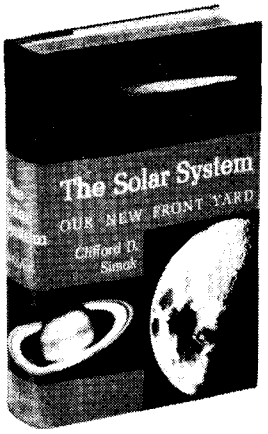

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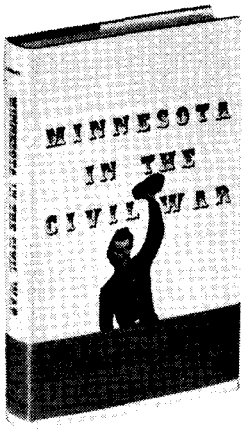

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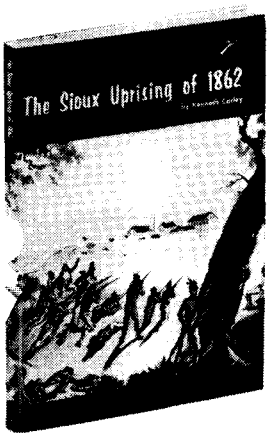

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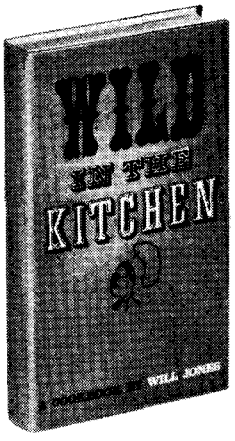

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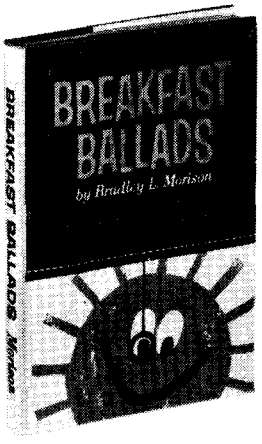

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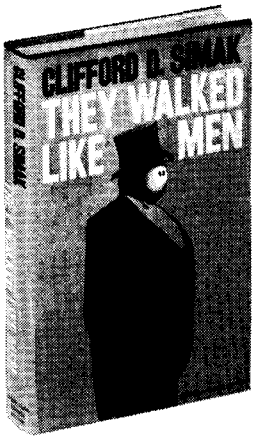

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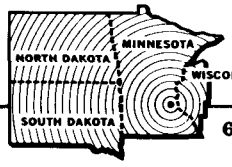

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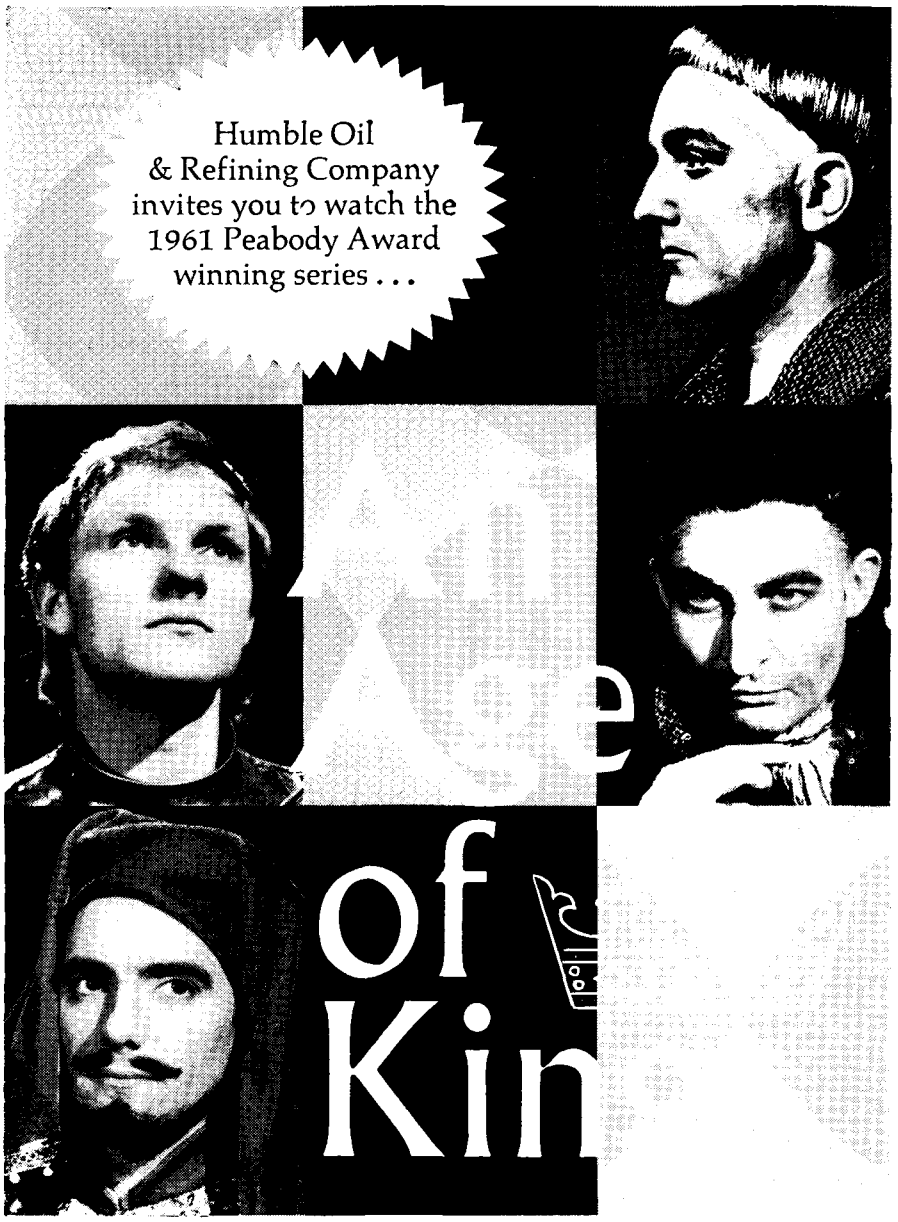

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We are especially happy to make this prayer, O Lord, and we hope you are to hear it because this tim we are not in church and not trouble. As a rule when we speak to you, we are either kneeling against the background of a stained-glass window, or buckling on a life preserver. It is either the routine of religion or the rush call for help. But today it is gloriously different. Today we want you to bless our joy as we stand poised for a few hours of genial festivity. Bless us then, O Lord, and in they goodness, grant that the food may be well flavored, the service smooth, and—if it isn't asking too much—the speeches short. . . .

• • •

On the book front we ran into some favorites for our Christmas list. First of all, for the hardy, those two thrillers made of such stern stuff it took two authors apiece to write them, "Fail-Safe" and "Seven Days in May"—to which should be added not one but two books on, of all people, the late John Dillinger, and one of them written by Robert Cromie. For the king-size $10-and-up kind of Christmas, we recommend your having a look at "The Coffee Table Book of Astrology," edited by John Lynch, "The New England Image," by Samuel Chamberlain, "The White House & Its 33 Families" by Anne LaFollette Jensen, and "The Literary Gourmet," edited by Lyndon Wolfe. Lower in price ($5.95), primarily for the young, but for older readers too, we recommend "The Adventure of America," edited by John Tobias and Savin Hoffecker. Also, perhaps less gifty, but still not to be overlooked, are "The Unfinished Society," by Herbert Von Borch, "The Community of Scholars," by Paul Goodman, and "The Uses of Ineptitude," by Nicholas Samstag. Then, too, two extraordinary animal books, not to be missed, are "The Dynasty of Abu" (a history of elephants), by Ivan Sanderson, and perhaps the really perfect Christmas gift for all animal lovers, "Prayers from the Ark," translated by Rumer Godden. And, an odd and fascinating entry, also for young and old, is the picture book "Model Soldiers," by Henry Harris. Finally, on the light side, we liked "The City Dwellers," by William K. Zinsser, "The Modern Almanac," by Herb Daniel, and, last but not least, the perfect Christmas title—"Happiness Is a Warm Puppy," by the peerless Charles Schultz.

• • •

And, sadly but soaringly, the month will always be remembered as the last one on this earth for the lady who did so much to make it a better place—Eleanor Roosevelt.

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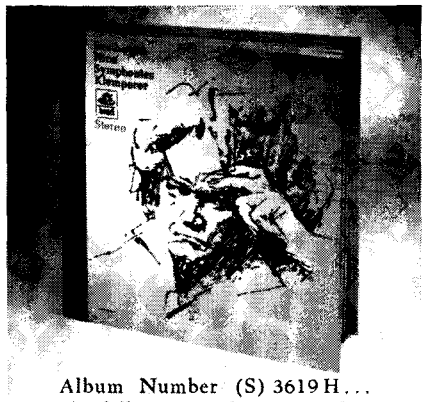

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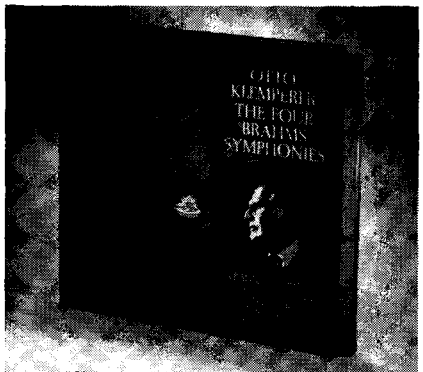

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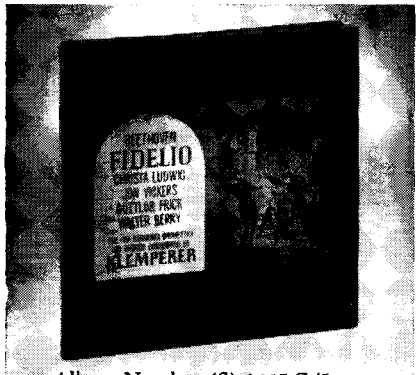

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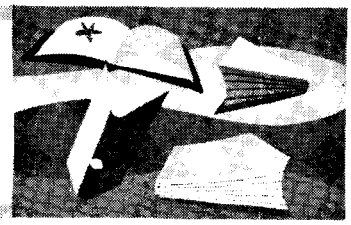


NASSAU, BAHAMAS.

ARRIVING HERE on November 5 is an experience. Firecrackers, rockets, Roman candles, and all the usual appurtenances of our own Fourth of July blast away all night long. There is an orgy of bon-

fires and burning effigies. These effigies are elaborately constructed dummies that give one a fright on first sight—they look so much like the real thing. From a high point on this main island can be seen dozens of these conflagrations.

The natives take great delight in this holiday, because the effigy-burning ritual gives them an opportunity for some harmless retaliation at—well, at whomever they have in mind when they set the blaze. That might be a public official of Mississippi (they are well aware of such goings-on in the States) or a tourist who failed to cross a palm heavily enough.

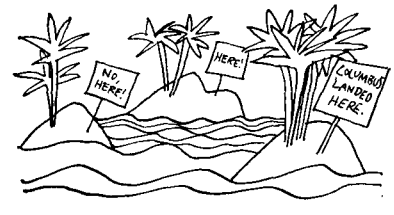
HOW MANY OF the burners have Guy Fawkes in mind is something I cannot answer. I do know that several local characters are sure that Guy Fawkes was a member of Blackbeard's crew in the old pirate days. November 5, of course, is Guy Fawkes Day every place in the world where the British flag is or was recently flown. The dummies are called "guys" and the entire celebration is based on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, a fancy plan dreamed up by Fawkes and a half-dozen pals in which the House of Lords would be blown sky-high.

The plot was a complete dud. The conspirators rented the building next to Parliament a year ahead of time. Fawkes, dressed as a butler, called himself "Johnson" and stood guard while his buddies dug a tunnel under the Parliament building and filled it with barrels of gunpowder. They left the stuff there until November, 1605, when someone squealed. They were all caught and executed. November 5, the honors the day when the House o. Parliament did not blow up.

FORTUNATELY, there is a celebration of sorts in Nassau on Columbus Day, as there well might be, since it was right around here that the Admiral of the Ocean Sea first sighted the New World. It was in the dark hours of October 12. He named the island San Salvador. The big question is—which island was it? The argument raged for many years in the nineteenth century, which witnessed renewed interest in Columbus. In 1891 an expedition from the Chicago *Herald* erected a monument on Watling's Island, but there were plenty of people who said it should be on Cat Island. These were the people who were calling Cat Island San Salvador. (Are you still with me?)

In 1926 the Bahamas Legislature attempted a settlement; a law was passed to the effect that Watling's Island was where Columbus made his landfall. That settled Cat Island's goose, and Watling's Island became known as San Salvador. The battle now raged over *where* on the island he had first set foot. There are now at least three sturdy monuments on this little ca one of them blessed by Samuel Eliot Morison, who should know. Each one marks the spot where Columbus stepped ashore. If you ask the natives, they say that he landed everywhere at one time.

IN A SORT OF Kon-Tiki experiment, some Spaniards are trying to make the 1926 Bahamas Legislature look good. They have built a *Nina II* and they are sailing her from the Old World to the New. They started in August and are recreating the conditions under which the original voyage was made. No radio,



no compass, no nothing. To "prove" that those monuments are on the right sandspit, this *Nina II* was to have come ashore right where the law requires. To greet them, some typical 1492 Indian huts were erected.

October 12, 1962, came and went No sign of *Nina II*. As of this writin still no sign. This may give some encouragement to K. Helweg-Larsen, a writer who lives here. He is writing a book to show that Columbus landed on an entirely different island, but

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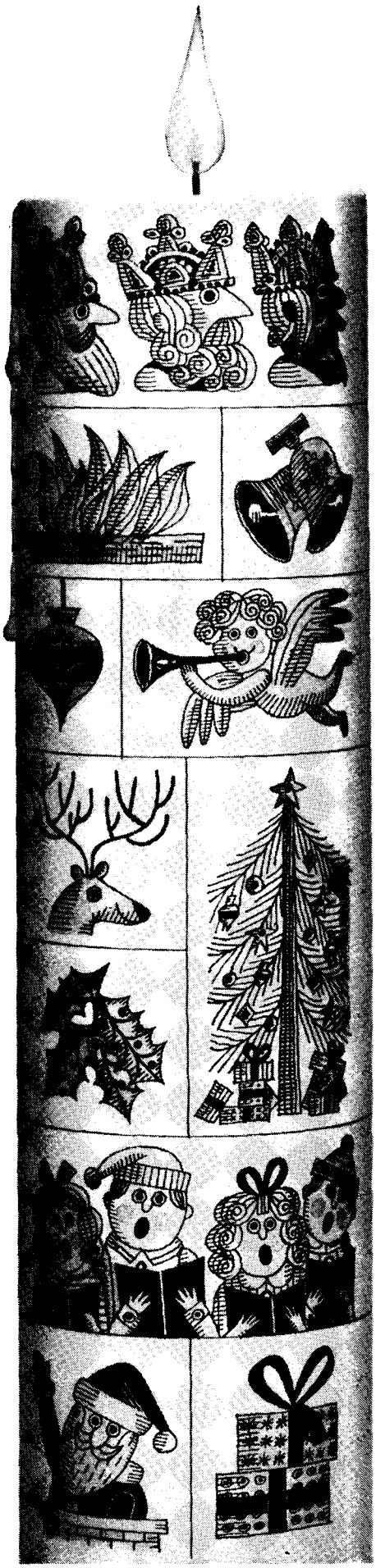

The Holidays are more at home than ever...

Thanks to television, the sights and sounds of the holiday season brighten homes across the country. Enjoy such Yuletide favorites as *Amahl and the Night Visitors, The Wizard of Oz*, and the *Bing Crosby Show* — along with other special programs listed below:

The Wizard of Oz
The MGM movie starring Judy Garland.
Sunday, December 9 (6-8 PM)

Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol
Cartoon version of the Dickens classic.
Tuesday, December 18 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Triptych
The Nativity in music and dance.
Sunday, December 23 (10-11 AM)

The Rag Tent
The Christmas story in modern terms.
Sunday, December 23 (1:30-2:30 PM)

The Holiday Spirit
A Hanukkah drama.
Sunday, December 23 (1:30-2 PM)

Amahl and the Night Visitors
Annual presentation of Menotti's opera.
Sunday, December 23 (3:30-4:30 PM)

Bing Crosby Show
Mary Martin joins Bing for a Christmas celebration.
Monday, December 24 (10-11 PM)

Latvian and Polish Christmas Music
Monday, December 24 (11:00-11:15 PM)

Catholic Christmas Music
Monday, December 24 (11:15 PM-Mid.)

Christmas Eve Services from New York and Washington, D.C.
(11:15 PM and Midnight):
Cathedral of St. John the Divine
St. Patrick's Cathedral
Christ Church (Methodist)
National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception

Other Programs of Interest in December

The Creative Performer
Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Monday, December 3 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Cyrano de Bergerac
Christopher Plummer in the Rostand play.
Thursday, December 6 (9:30-11 PM)

109 Days to Venus
An account of Mariner II's probe of Venus.
Wednesday, December 12 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Here's Edie
Edie Adams' special.
Thursday, December 13 (9:30-10 PM)

As Caesar Sees it
A Sid Caesar special.
Saturday, December 15 (8:30-9 PM)

The Thread of Life
New discoveries in genetics.
Sunday, December 16 (5-6 PM)

What Is a Melody?
A Young People's Concert, with Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, December 21 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Year-End News Special
Sunday, December 23 (9:30-10 PM)

Telephone Hour
Jane Wyatt, Florence Henderson, Earl Wrightson.
Sunday, December 23 (10-11 PM)

Years of Crisis
Wednesday, December 26 (7:30-9 PM)

Regularly Scheduled

Mon.-Fri.	CONTINENTAL CLASSROOM COLLEGE OF THE AIR TODAY CALENDAR DISCOVERY '62
Mondays:	DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL
Tuesdays:	CHET HUNTLEY REPORTING
Wednesdays:	CBS REPORTS
Fridays:	INTERNATIONAL SHOWTIME EYEWITNESS
Saturdays:	READING ROOM EXPLORING WATCH MR. WIZARD NCAA FOOTBALL GAME
Sundays:	CAMERA THREE MEET THE PROFESSOR ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS/ EDITOR'S CHOICE ISSUES AND ANSWERS THIS IS NBC NEWS UPDATE COLLEGE BOWL THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MEET THE PRESS WINSTON CHURCHILL— THE VALIANT YEARS WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR VOICE OF FIRESTONE HOWARD K. SMITH— NEWS AND COMMENT

NOTE: Times (*EST*), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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which of the 700 Bahama islands it is, he will not say; we have to wait for the book to come out. Could be that the *Nina II* crew is there right now, putting up a monument.

THE HIGH POINTS of history for this area of the world have been strange ones: the prosperous and exciting times for the Bahamas have stemmed from illicit enterprises. The seventeenth century saw Nassau as the stronghold of pirates. There were thousands of them, and they built forts and watchtowers. Some measure of tranquillity came in the 1700s under the English, but this was disturbed during the American Revolution, which is not celebrated here at all.

First, an American naval fleet took Nassau and flew the rebel flag. They left one day later, mainly because they learned there was a smallpox epidemic. Two hundred of our boys came down with it. After the Revolution, Loyalist refugees streamed here from the colonies and went through the cotton-plantation-slave routine. Sadly, they exhausted the soil and in a few years they were all starving.

The biggest thing for the Bahamas was what they call the War of the Secession. Running the Union blockade was a prosperous business and Nassau boomed as never before or since. The cycle of boom and bust worked again when that conflict ended, and it wasn't until Prohibition that things picked up. In 1920, when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, vast amounts of American liquor were shipped to Nassau and huge import duties were collected. Then it was all smuggled back into the States. When it was all gone, Nassau merchants began bringing in more from abroad for smugglers. They were wonderful times. In 1923, for instance, the government here got the equivalent of $4,250,000 in import duties. (By comparison, it will receive $25,000,000 from tourists in 1962.)

Nassau boomed again after World War II as a tax haven for American businesses. Now that the new U.S. tax laws have just knocked that for a loop, I wonder what will happen next.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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Those who say a very angry skunk can send a jet only ten feet or so have been misinformed. I don't know just how far a skunk can spray, but my mother made me bury my clothes, and she probably wished she could bury me for a few days, too.

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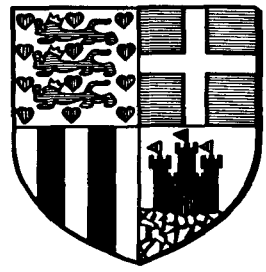

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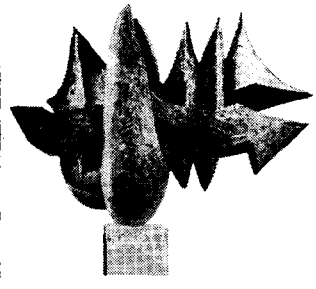

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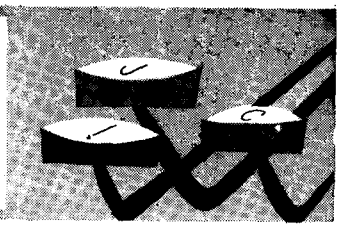

MAILBAG: POETS' CORNER: Poems (always welcome) continue to flood into the office, and the poets continue to ask in their covering letters for a personal criticism, for any sort of comment. Some even supply neat forms with squares to be checked beside such summaries as "Has Real Talent," "Has Some Talent Maybe," and "Hopeless."

Let me confess that I do not read the letters. As best I can, in fact, I try to read the poems without looking at the name of the writer. It is the poem that must speak, not the poet. Every man has his ego and his right to it, but let me believe that those who submit poems to us would prefer to have the poems so read, for if the name that signs can be ignored, then every poem has as good a chance as any other. To find a publishable poem signed by a known and respected name is always a pleasure, but to find a good poem and then to discover that the signature is an unknown one is pleasure upon pleasure.

There is no need to pretend that all the poems submitted to us are read to the end. Most of them, alas, are hopelessly bad and can be rejected after reading no more than a line or two. Perhaps four or five out of a hundred survive the first skimming to go into the reserve basket for full and careful reading.

Such abrupt rejection may seem heartless to the poet who has poured his soul into those mismanaged lines. For though most bad poems are somehow frivolous, even a bad poem can spring from deeply felt experience. In poetry, however, it is not the experience of the poet that measures success. It is, rather, the experience of the reader. Poetry is an art, and all art lies in the management of an illusion.

"But this is true and real," bad writers are fond of exclaiming. "It happened in just this way!" Perhaps it did somewhere in what we try to call reality. But was it *made to happen* in the illusion of the poem?

In one sense, reality has no place in an art form. In another, reality is everything. A paradox. But the seeming contradiction disappears at once when the writer learns that it is only by the good artist's management of his illusion that reality can *seem to be* captured.

You are, let us say, reading a novel that moves you. You are carried out of yourself. The writing fills you with an overwhelming sense that you are there in the experience, that it is real, that it is happening to you.

But is it real? And if it is real, where is its reality? In the paper? In the words? In the physical dimension and weight of the book? Where is its reality when the telephone interrupts your reading?

Or think of it another way. If the reality for you, the reader, lies in the words as printed in the book you are holding, and in the impressions those words make upon you, where was the writer's reality as he chose those words, wrote them down, scratched them out, and rewrote and rearranged them? How many drafts were there to his reality? Can reality come in drafts? If so, which draft does a man decide is his "real" reality?

Poetry is a learned thing. To say it is a learned thing is not to suggest that it is an academic one. Poetry will forever be the heart's thing. But the heart that counts in poetry will beat in a human being who has learned the nature of his formal illusion. Perhaps all hearts are ignorant in the end, for none of us are born with enough previous experience to qualify as professionals at the business of our own lives. At that point of the human quandary we are all amateurs together. And still the fact remains that the amateur who will write the poems that man's resinous heart (to borrow Yeats's phrase) will take as real, is the man whose formal passion is at least as powerful as the formless human passion whose indecipherable reality he seeks to entrap for a moment—and hence forever—in the illusion of his art.

Some of the people who submit poems to *Saturday Review* are hobbyists. The poem is no real passion upon them, but only an exercise. At best such poems are neat, but they are never haunted. Certainly there are worse hobbies. But let me confess that hobby-poetry does not interest me and that I intend no conversation with the hobbyist. I concluded my total conversation with all such four years ago when one poet kept pressing a particular poem upon me and insisting that I explain why it wasn't for *SR*. "I know you're tidy," I told her at last. "When do you get mortal?"

There still remain those poems in which something like mortal intention does stir, but which are nevertheless badly botched because the writer either has no talent or has never bothered to learn the rudiments of poetic management—an either-or that usually resolves

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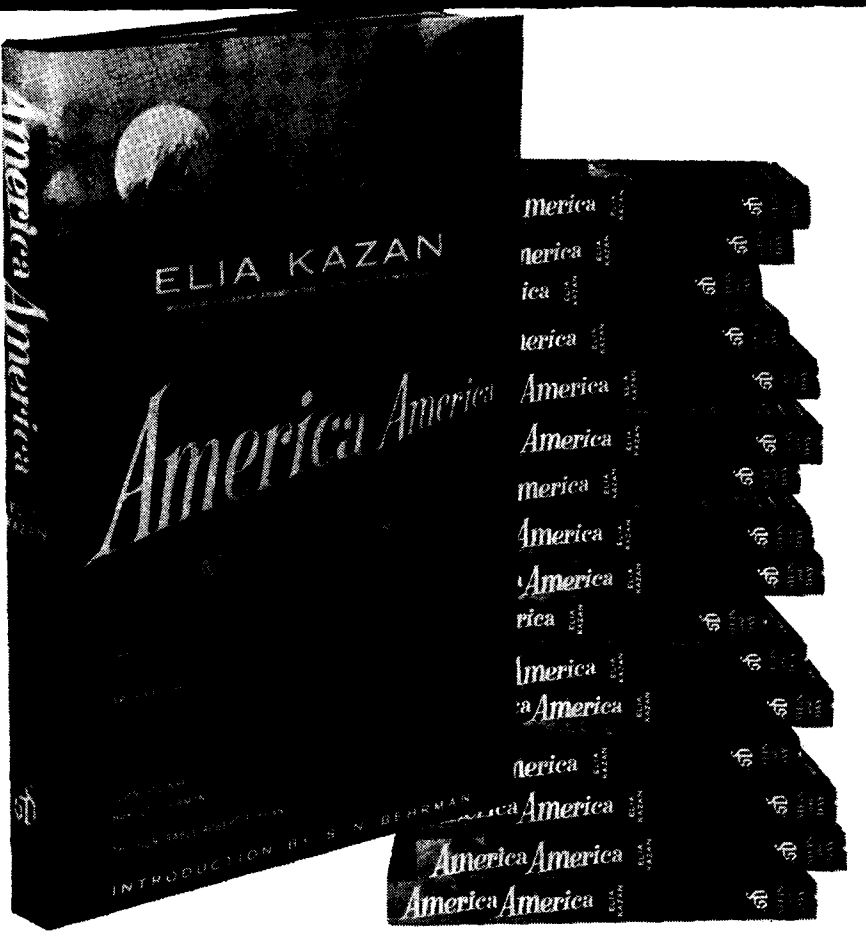
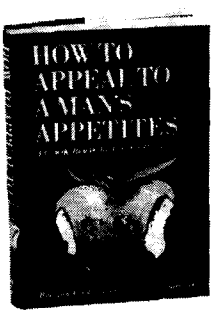


THE FICTION SURPRISE OF THE YEAR!

Why have so many important people read and praised this book by a man who never wrote a book before? **S. N. Behrman**, author of *Duveen* and *Portrait of Max*, in his introduction to Elia Kazan's AMERICA AMERICA, says, "There is no delight more pleasurable than the surprise of discovery — the prospector's joy in hitting a pay-streak of pure gold." He is joined in his praise by Nobel Prize Winner **John Steinbeck**; by **James Baldwin**, author of the best seller *Another Country*, who calls AMERICA AMERICA "a marvelous story"; by Attorney General **Robert Kennedy**, who said "I couldn't put it down. A fantastically good job"; by **Archibald MacLeish**, who said "I read the manuscript this morning. EXCITING morning."

Half a million women read a brief excerpt from AMERICA AMERICA in *Vogue*. **Madeline Tracy Brigden**, Fiction Editor of *Mademoiselle*, said "Elia Kazan has long been recognized as a truly creative man, but how much greater an artist he is now, for having written this wonderful book." Why this reception? First, there is the astonishing power and quality of the story itself. It is about a young man who wants desperately to come to the United States and will do *anything* to get there. But there is also the surprise that this great work of fiction was written by the director of two Academy Award motion pictures and five Pulitzer Prize plays who, after the age of 50, turned his hand to writing and produced an unforgettable work the very first time. As **Budd Schulberg** says, "What Elia Kazan has done many times before in moving pictures, he has now accomplished with moving words."

AMERICA AMERICA, under Kazan's direction, is being made into a great motion picture for Warner Brothers release a year from now. By that time, the Tartuffian bandit Abdul, the Voltairian porter Garabet, the bartered bride Thomna, the whore Vartuhi, the worldly secret drinker Sophia, and — most of all — the boy Stavros will become part of your memory in one of the great emotional experiences you will have this or any year. AMERICA AMERICA is now at your bookstore. **$4.95**



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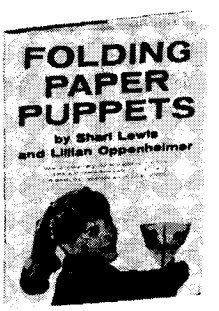

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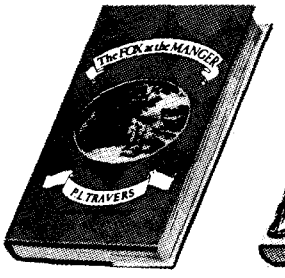

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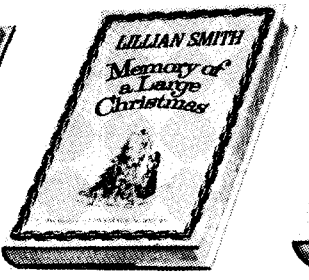

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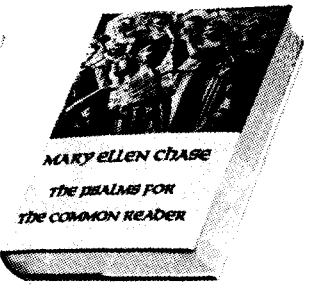

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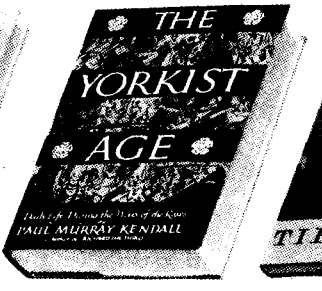

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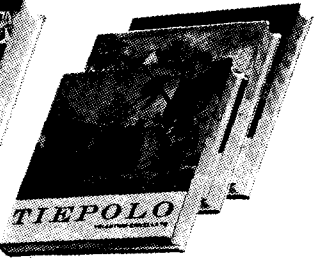

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into two ways of saying the same thing, for where there is talent, it will find its means.

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Joe not only loves Kate; he asks for a personal comment on his poem about his love. But there simply is no way to make a comment that communicates: we have no common vocabulary for it. Perhaps the one thing to say to all such would be: "Read. Read all the poets you can find to love madly. Read their poems into your blood, breath, and mind. Then let those poems be your teacher."

The trouble is that even that soundest advice will do no good. Any would-be poet worth the name has already done that and is doing it. Those to whom the masters have to be recommended as if the advice to read their work were an inside tip, can hardly be expected to profit from the reading. As a former teacher, I long since learned, moreover, that to tell a man what to read is far from telling him how to read it. At times every teacher must wonder if he and the class are reading the same book. The same words, yes. That much is simple. But to read something like the same experience from the book, something like the same dimension of experience—that is the measure of heart and mind for which no test can be given, for which no rules can be memorized, and for which there is no real advice; for which there is only the encouragement that can be offered the sensitivities of a sentient and a mortal man, if he has those sensitivities to bring to the reading. The one great school of poetry is the poets in their poems, and there is no other. Any writer who really wants his work criticized need only turn to the masters to ask of their pages in despair—if he is capable of reaching them and capable of an honest despair—what is wrong with his own. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Chess Corner–No. 78

THAT perennial question, "How would the masters of yore fare 'ainst the masters of today?" keeps cropping up.

There isn't a shred of doubt that a twentieth-century grandmaster, with his refined knowledge of the classical and hypermodern openings and their interstitial points, would overwhelm the ancient gents right at the start. But there is also no denying that it was Morphy who originated the very basic opening principles which those who came later have refined. And certainly such a great talent would progress with the times.

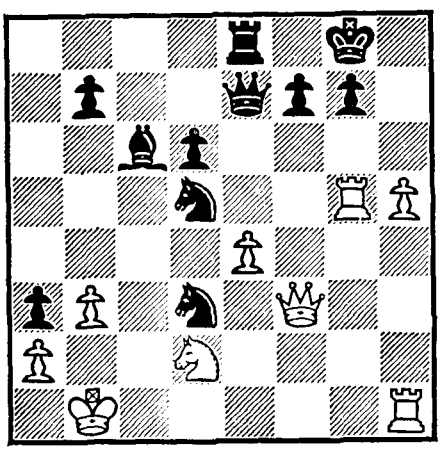
The middle-game genius of the early romantics has never been surpassed. The players of that period apparently sought to reach a decision before the tedious endgame set in. And the gallant code of ethics—to decline a gambit was unsportsmanlike—almost assured a scintillating conflict.

The following game, more than 100 years old, is a reflection of the flare of the Englishman MacDonnell and the élan of the Frenchman de Labourdonnais.

BISHOP'S OPENING

London 1834

	C. de Labourdonnais White		A. MacDonnell Black	
1	P-K4	P-K4	15 PxP	P-QR4
2	B-B4	B-B4	16 KN-B3	B-Q2
3	Q-K2	N-KB3	17 P-KN4	P-R3
4	P-Q3	N-B3	18 QR-N1	P-R5
5	P-QB3	N-K2	19 P-N5	PxP
6	P-B4	PxP	20 BxP	P-R6
7	P-Q4	B-N3	21 P-N3	B-B3
8	BxP	P-Q3	22 R-N4	B-R4
9	B-Q3	N-N3	23 P-R4	BxN
10	B-K3	O-O	24 NxB	R-R4
11	P-KR3	R-K1	25 P-R5	RxB
12	N-Q2	Q-K2	26 RxR	N-B5
13	O-O-O	P-B4	27 Q-B3	NxB
14	K-N1	PxP	28 P-Q5!	NxQP



	KR-N1	N-B6 ch	34 RxQ	RxR ch
	K-R1	BxP	35 QxR	NxQ
31	RxP ch	K-R1	36 R-R7 ch	K-N1
32	Q-N3	B-N5	37 PxP ch	KxR
33	PxB	Q-K8 ch	38 P-B8/Q	N-B7

The sparks still fly.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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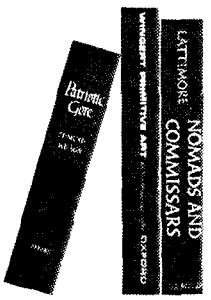

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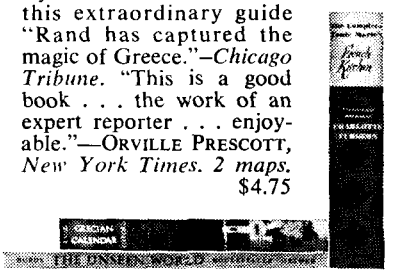

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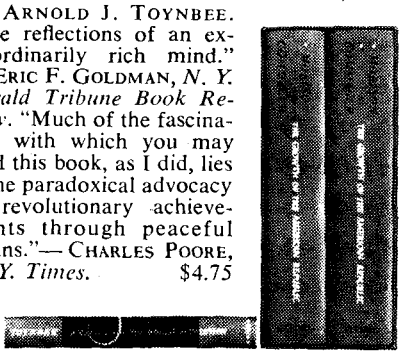

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Saturday Review

DECEMBER 1, 1962

WHY DO CIVILIZATIONS DIE?

By MAX LERNER, *professor of American civilization at Brandeis University and author of "America as a Civilization." This article is a preview of "The Age of Overkill," to be published later this month by Simon and Schuster.*

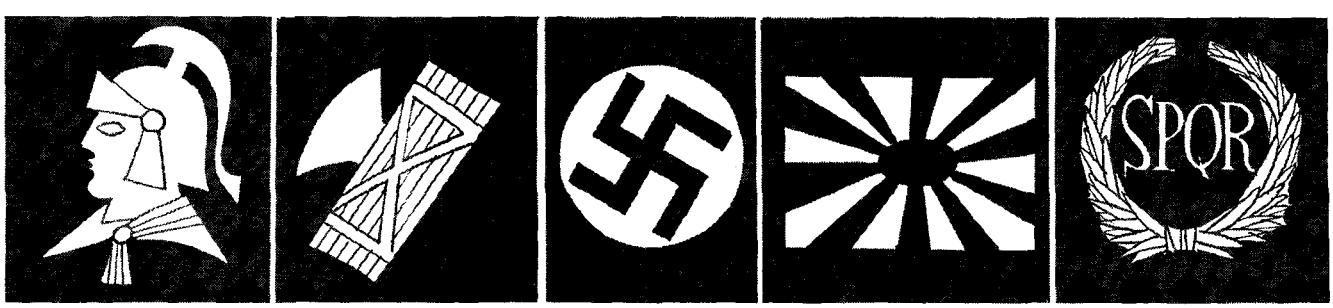
WHAT is it that decides when a civilization dies, or whether it will live? I don't mean what immediate events, like an assassination, an electoral defeat, a political blunder, the loss of a battle, which may topple a governmental regime, but the long-term forces which circumscribe the destiny of civilizations. It is my assumption that whether or not a society is viable depends primarily upon will and intelligence. This is a voluntarist view, a "will-theory," as it were. It is humanist in the sense that it puts its stress upon human beings and their actions, rather than upon impersonal determinants like God or history. But I must ask in fairness whether there may not be something in the determinist view—whether there may not, in fact, be an irreversible trend locked up in the historical process, which makes the defeat and death of the free-world societies and the victory of world Communism inevitable.

There are two major forms of determinist theory—one cyclical and repetitive, as with Spengler; the other an unfolding of some principle inherent in history which works out its effects as a law of social development, as with the materialist dialectic of Marx and Engels. I shall be quite summary about the first, and say it is too late in the day to revive the discredited Spenglerian scheme of cycles of springtime, maturity, decay, and death in civilizations. By Spengler's view, Hitler should have triumphed, pretorian governments should now be in control in every developed capitalist democracy, and modern industrialism should have spawned formless mass states instead of the managerial elite states—whether Communist, democratic, or national-socialist—which have actually taken over. As for the Marxist dialectic and its myth of inevitability, I don't put much stock in the idea of impersonal forces which decide such things and against which men cannot struggle. That may do as a substitute marijuana dream for True Believers, to make their universe orderly and keep them from having to think for themselves. But in the real arena of world history, within a general frame set by geography, resources, population, and technology, what happens to civilizations is mainly shaped by what their people think and feel and do—their political leaders, their talent elites, their common man.

There is an alternative to tracing cycles or working out the development of some immanent principle in history: it is to seek causes. One thing that saves Toynbee's work, for all its cycle tracing, is the seriousness with which he searches for the causes of the birth and strength, the weakness and death of civilizations. My own impulse, in asking about causes, is to put the problem of death ahead of that of life. For in the study of society, as in medicine and psychiatry, it is best to start with malfunctioning; the healthy organism is best described not in *a priori* terms of an ideal abstraction, but in terms of what keeps it from getting sick and breaking down.

One clue to the death of civilization is rigidity. There may set in, at the height of a successful civilization, what Ortega called an "arteriosclerosis of belief"—a hardening of the intellectual and moral arteries of a civilization, so that it can no longer adapt itself to drastically changed situations, much as the prehistoric monsters died out as a species because they could not adapt to the great changes of climate and physical environment. Partly this rigidity may be the result of a failure of replenishment in the elites. Or the civilization may become the victim of its own success, suppressing anything from the outside that might disturb its complacency, and making an ikon of its master institution, whether slavery or militarism, capitalist power or the monolithic party, social caste or feudal or religious hierarchy.

I find this an engaging lead, and there are many who think it the decisive one, believing that America's greatest danger



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lies in an inner rigidity which prevents it from adapting itself to the changed power distribution resulting from the Communist and nationalist victories. If it means an adaptation to Communist power, with constant one-sided concessions to the constant push and urgency of Communist expansion, then the result will be not death-by-rigidity but death-by-surrender. But if it means the need for adapting the techniques of survival to the nature of the new world's challenge, then it makes sense to condemn rigidity and practice plasticity. For the plasticity becomes then not one of panicky concession but one of ways and means for maintaining the life of the civilization. President Kennedy's Inaugural sentence, "We will never negotiate from fear, but we will never fear to negotiate," repudiates both panicky adaptation and panicky rigidity. Plasticity is all. What it does not express is the paramount plasticity which, by devising a whole armory of new ways and means for the political war and for peacemaking, can give a strong strategic position for viability to those who negotiate in its spirit.

The second clue lies in overreaching. Spartan man died of rigidity, but fascist man—whether in the version of Mussolini's inflated neoimperialism or of Hitler's dream of a thousand years of world domination or of Admiral Tojo's predatory "coprosperity sphere" under the Japanese military elite—died of attempting too much too fast, and of becoming an overreacher. Will that happen to Communist man? It is unlikely, but who would say it is impossible? Stalin attempted too much too fast, and made an almost fatal mistake as an overreacher when his nonaggression pact with Nazi Germany opened the way for Hitler's gamble with a war. The whole civilization pattern in Russia was saved from destruction only by the hairbreadth of the Churchill-Roosevelt decision to give the Russians all-out aid. Khrushchev has repudiated Stalin and consigned him to a second death by removing his corpse from its position next to Lenin's; it may have been a way of reassuring the Russian people that he would not replay Stalin's role of the overreacher and bring on the ruin not only of Russian civilization but of a good deal more besides.

THE chances of free-world leaders playing the overreacher, and thereby courting the death of their civilization, seem to me far less. If it were to happen it would be as a consequence of the rigidity principle, almost as a phase of it, rather than through the principle of *hubris* which is at the root of overreach. What rigidity does in a civilization is to keep its elites and people from the resourcefulness which explores modes of viability other than war. If the free-world regimes, faced by an expanding Communist power cluster, and unable to muster the strength of the lion or the cunning of the fox in meeting it, were to find themselves isolated and at bay, they might reach beyond their actual strength and stake everything on nuclear war. But in that case the free-world civilization would have lost its viability anyway. It would have died first on an arc of inner moral decay before it died outwardly on a descending arc of power.

A third clue is the "failure of nerve," to which Gilbert Murray attributed the fall of classical civilizations. The essence of it lies in the recoil of the civilized, the comfortable, the possessors, from the specter of the advancing "barbarians": the Greeks could not face the Roman legions, with their crude strength, their organizing skill, their belief in their imperial star; the Romans, in turn, having absorbed and been absorbed by Greek culture, could not face the thrust of the tribes beyond their walled fortifications.

There is little question that the fear of the barbarian continues through world history; Europe, which thinks of itself as Greece, has felt it about the Americans-as-Romans, the Americans have felt it about the Russians, and the Russians in turn now feel it about the Chinese, who may some day feel it about still another power thrust. But it does not follow that it is the fear of the barbarian which dooms the civilization. In fact, one could as readily say that the appearance of the barbarian may act as a tonic to the older civilization, awakening it from its deep dream of peace and bestirring it to call upon its reserve resources. Thus the threat of the new barbarians may serve to rebarbarize, as it were, the older civilization. It happens in a man's life that a sharp crisis may evoke this unsuspected reserve strength, calling it up from levels of resolve he believed long buried. There are times of great danger when an animal awareness and directness of response cuts through the overlaid crust of apathy. It is also well known that, for groups and societies, the collective potential stretches unimaginably in disasters. The question is why it might not also stretch before the disaster in confronting its danger.

To say "collective potential" is to go beyond the failure-of-nerve idea. The latter strikes me in any event as a less happy concept than one could wish, despite its literary cachet, since it suggests the nervy bravado of teen-agers calling "Chicken" at each other in a head-on confrontation of jalopies. The question is not really one of nerve or of individual courage or heroism, but quite simply of collective potential and will. The response to the challenge of a dangerous new rival to be met—what I have called "rebarbarization"—need not take the form either of savagery or

History's New Element

MAN HAS NOT reached the end of history unless, deep within the river bed of his unconscious striving, he believes that he has reached the end of history. I prefer to say that he has reached the point where he must with his whole being decide whether he is capable or incapable of ending what he has begun. He began it, in our time of overkill, with his technology of death. But he has always made it a point to live with his technology, ever since the conjectural time when he picked up an antelope bone and fashioned it into a weapon to use against his fellow man. His problem now is not to destroy his weapons, but to localize their use as power instruments in the hands of a group who will use them for collective power through world law. If this be thought an incredibly creative leap, there have been other leaps in man's history—in the use of fire and the tool and the wheel, in the idea of law and of freedom and of the good life—which have been more creative and more exacting of human resourcefulness. The new element is that of collective will. Never in the history of man's transformations has he had to take so great a leap across the chasm of chaos into the collective will. He may not make it, but he is bound to attempt it.

He is reaching today to explore possibility in three major directions: into space and other realms of physical exploration; into what Teilhard de Chardin calls the "no-osphere," which can stand as a symbol for the more subtle aspects of his increasing self-awareness and self-knowledge; and, most crucially, into the possibilities of collective action that will cut across his tribalisms and reach into his humanity.

—From "The Age of Overkill."

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of bluster, but of the organization of social energies. Historically Americans are conditioned to thinking of individual will, and they find something a little sinister about the idea of a collective will, as if it were a negation of the individual. There is, to be sure, a traceable sequence from Rousseau's "general will" to the ant society of the Chinese commune. But to abandon the idea of collective will to the Communists for that reason is like abandoning to them the idea of a talent elite, or to the fascists the idea of great leadership, or to the Machiavellians the idea of power. These are all neutral concepts in the sense of being vessels into which a varying content may be poured.

One may take William James's "will-to-believe," which was an individual matter and has been carried far too far toward a strait-jacket compulsion, and transform it into a collective will-to-live. Each of the great power centers of today represents an energy system built up over the course of centuries. Such an energy system does not question its own survival—at least, not until it faces an abrupt challenge. Once that comes, an energy system which is more than a chance collection of individual energies has a good chance to transform itself into a will-system, with a collective will-to-live as its core. The Communists never had to undergo this change, since they started as a will-system. Yet I wonder whether the advantage is wholly theirs. The Russians achieve their collective action by party-line concealment and distortion of reality; consequently their intellectuals have ended by refusing to believe in anything, retreating to their private interior world. Americans, with their tradition of personal will, are slower to act for common ends, but whatever gains they make in their fumbling toward a collective will are likely to stick.

I HAVE spoken of rigidity and of overreach, of failure of nerve and of defect of collective will. There remains to speak of a factor which shares something with each and subsumes them all. It is the failure of self-knowledge, which is a distortion or vacuum of identity. A civilization which is rigid through hostility, overaggressive, guilt-ridden, fear-obsessed, loses its sense of identity just as a person does who has a distorted image of himself because he does not dare face the real image. That is why the American tradition of self-criticism of the society is good, provided it does not end there but is used as a starting point for a healthy self-acceptance.

If the revolutionary nationalisms of our time are identity revolutions, why should the quest for a collective identity be limited to the anticolonial movements? At a time when a bitter political war and a looming *auto-da-fé* of civilization compels every civilization to examine itself, each of them is thrust into an identity crisis, in which it may sink forever or from which it may emerge with a greater self-knowledge. I don't equate this crisis with the fear of the nuclear bomb in itself, nor with the naked drive of the individual to live—although that is not a negligible fact. The identity crisis applies to the civilization as a whole.

The rigid civilization, with its compulsion to repeat its crisis experiences and its blunders, has little plasticity and, therefore, little capacity to make a radical change in its image of itself; rather than change the image, it will break and go under. The overreacher civilization will fear to arrest its conquering course, lest it have to ask what the conquest will cost and what it is for, just as the success-seeking personality fears to pause for the question that may turn it to stone. The civilization that lacks a collective will is like a person for whom the day is a witless sequence of atomized incidents, and for whom, therefore, a crisis which cannot be grasped as such an incident is unthinkable.

Yet it may none the less be possible (although history is chary of examples) for a civilization in the full course of its life, when brought to a halt by a lion in the path, to experience something very like a rebirth of self-understanding. It would not be the sickly self-consciousness of Hamlet's communing with his doubts, nor will it come about merely through an epiphany of high resolve at a sacred moment of insight. It will be a groping, stumbling affair, and will extend over what seems an unconscionable time. And it will often seem at best an ambiguous business. America, for example, will have to perform day after day a double miracle, of resolving to live but of learning how to face potential death, of beating the Communists at their own game of political war but also of learning how to live with them for decades and perhaps centuries to come, since there can be no total victory for either side.

"Madam happened to be under the mistletoe."

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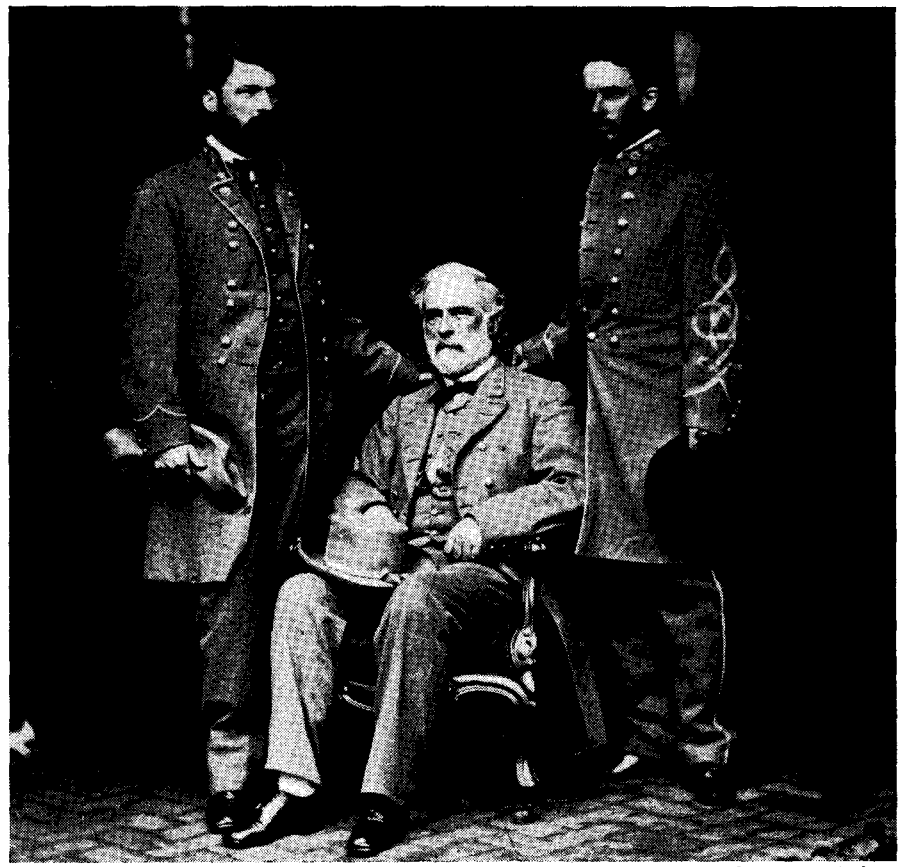
LEE'S GREATEST MISTAKE



—*Bettmann Archive.*

After the Surrender—Robert E. Lee, seated, with his son George Washington Custis Lee, left, and General Walter Taylor, at Lee's home in Richmond.

By MARSHALL W. FISHWICK, *author of "American Heroes: Myth and Reality." Professor Fishwick's new book, "Lee After the War," is scheduled for publication in January by Dodd, Mead.*

WHEREVER military history is discussed the question arises and the answers conflict. General Robert E. Lee's own comment on his "greatest mistake" was plain enough—it was becoming a soldier.

Surely he did not mean to disown or discredit his profession. No one knew soldiering better or loved it more. His remark did not spring from bitterness or remorse; though he had stood in the middle of a crimson field, there was no blood on his hands. What did Lee mean?

Anyone who would attempt an answer (there is no simple or final one) must study the period of his life in which Lee himself reached his conclusions, and during which the man of fame became the man of immortality. It was not during, but after, the Civil War.

Lee's last five years were spent in a war-ravaged village, deep in the Shenandoah Valley. There he could observe the living, not the dying. There he could find a meaning in nature which never emerged in battle, and achieve a stature that was more impressive than that of the general on the white horse. There he found something that endured.

Throughout his life, said Lee's daughter Mildred, he was "always wanting something." Certainly it was not wealth, or power, or pleasure. He cared little for the lighter pursuits of life. Lee was a soldier. He liked military chores and cares. Pomp, parades, and display he scorned. No one disliked more than he the hero's role. Lionized, he did not make an ideal idol. "A true man of honor," he wrote, "feels humble himself when he cannot help humbling others."

Never a man of the people, Lee made a significant gift to democracy: the contribution of his example. What he was and did gave to that critical component of any culture—its minority—a lasting dignity and significance. He helped establish a working American arrangement between the majority that triumphed and the minority that failed. He both sensed this and adjudged it his major contribution; but he did not revel in the thought. He was not puffed up. When he returned to Petersburg after the war, admiring veterans tried to take the horses from the carriage and draw it themselves. "If you do so," Lee told them, "I shall have to get out and help you."

Again, guests in his postwar Lexington, Virginia, home left their shoes outside the door at night, so a servant might clean them. There was no servant, but the boots were polished—Lee did it himself.

His code was all of a piece. It produced one complete person—a Christian gentleman. The two concepts are partly contradictory. The gentleman defends his life, while the Christian gives his up to find a greater one. At the center of the gentleman is honor; of the Christian, humility. The pride which makes honor meaningful is, to Christian eyes, sinful. Some of this contradiction manifests itself in Lee. How could he be such a furious warrior, and yet so gentle? How could he be so proud, and yet so humble? How could he accept his soldier's role so gracefully, and yet, in a sense, never accept it at all?

On August 24, 1865, General Lee wrote a letter in which he both accepted the presidency of struggling Washington College and told his countrymen what course to follow:

> I think it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or general government direction to that object.

Plainly Lee was not suited by training or interest for a college presidency. To the intellectual and scientific battles

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which shook the nineteenth century, he gave little thought. Even in his special field, military science, he had not been a diligent reader for years. Unlike Stonewall Jackson, Lee had not spent hours poring over the campaigns of Caesar, Frederick the Great, or Napoleon. Later on, appearing before a Congressional committee, Lee admitted that he "scarcely ever read a paper."

When the man of war becomes a man of peace, where are the new battlegrounds? Lee must have asked himself this when he left his beloved Tidewater Virginia on September 15, 1865, and headed west toward the mountains. He wore no sword and medals now and his major campaigns had not yet even opened. The Wilderness, Antietam, Gettysburg, and Petersburg lay behind him. Ahead was the ancient Blue Ridge —and green hopes for a new life.

Lee's life after Appomattox can be summed up in six words: retreat, resurgence, reconciliation, resignation, death, and resurrection.

The growth of the Lee legend after Appomattox, and the uses to which it has been put, provide one of the best barometers of Southern thought and temper in the last century.

The very day of his funeral men anticipated the apotheosis. In Lexington they formed the Memorial Association, which soon became a standard fixture in Southern towns. People with no pennies to spare put pennies aside to help buy statues of the Great Man. The North had the victory, but the South had Robert E. Lee.

No phrase-maker like Lincoln, Lee did not leave speeches for school children to memorize. But he toiled without complaining, surrendered without equivocating, and died without faltering. He showed that human virtue was equal to, if not superior to, human calamity. His greatest asset was a unique kind of grace; his greatest triumph, the simple splendor of his being.

Robert E. Lee cannot be understood fully against a background of politics and philosophy. Efforts to find Lee's "secret" have failed because they followed wrong leads. He was destined for legend as well as history. We can say of him what Emerson said of Lincoln: had he not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him.

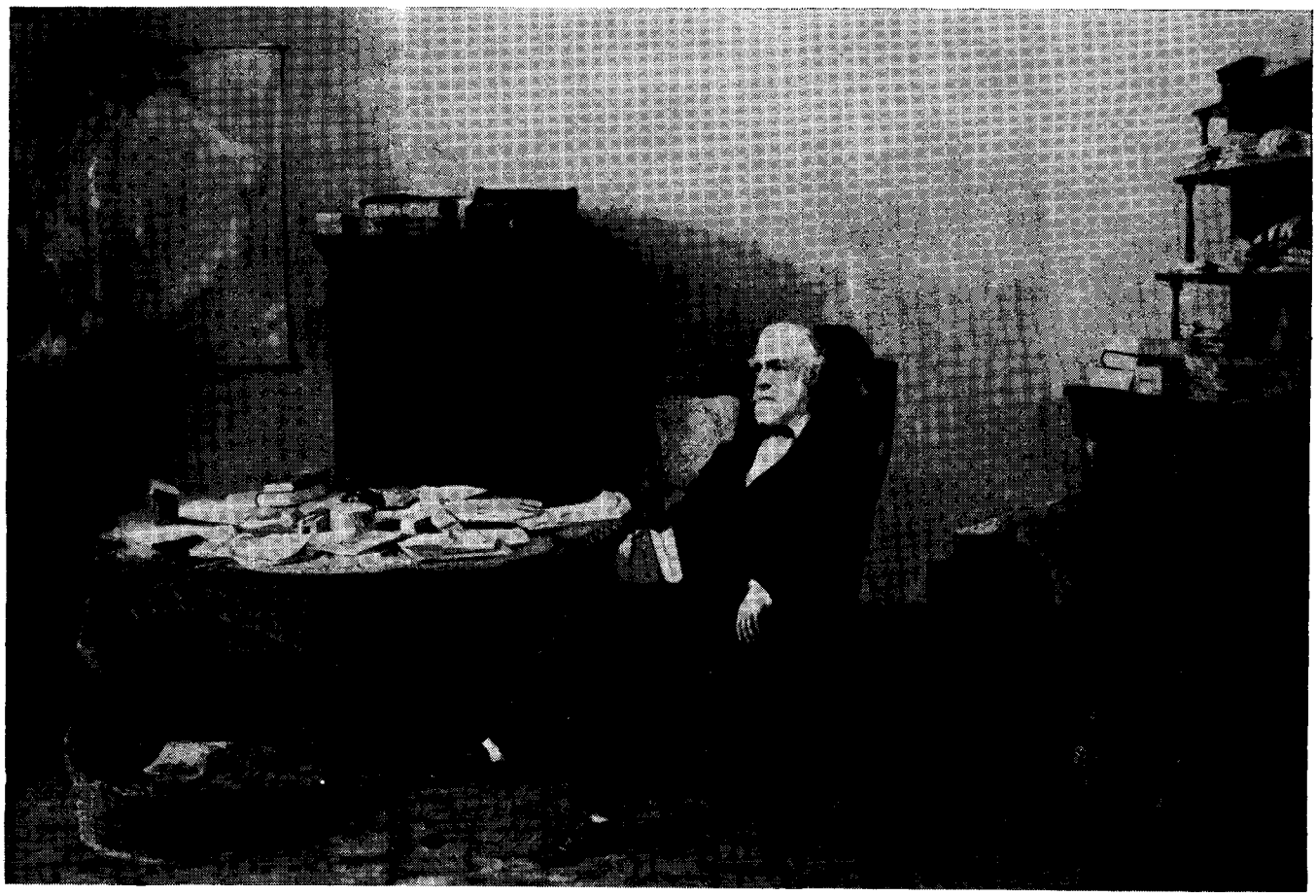
Had the nineteenth-century Protestant Church had the mechanism for setting up American saints, Lee would have made an admirable one. His sword and face would have done well in church iconography and cathedral carvings. He was the southern Saint George slaying Yankee dragons. There is a touch of Saint Francis here, too; Lee had an extraordinary rapport with animals. Literally everything and everybody loved him.

Since his death Lee has won the hearts of many historians on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line, and across the seas. Still it was a Virginia writer, Douglas Southall Freeman, who best reduced the heroic life to words. At the end of his four-volume work, Freeman asks us to look at Lee in his open coffin:

> There he lies. Now that they have shrouded him, with his features so white against the lining of the casket that he seems already a marble statue for the veneration of the South. His cause died at Appomattox; now, in him, it is to have its apotheosis.

In making clear what Lee is to them, his followers show what Americans admire in heroes. What is ultimately pleasing is a well-proportioned life. Lee did not depend so much upon the search for truth as upon the softening quality of an atmosphere. He was the product of proud provincial aristocracy, moved by the force of a gloriously remembered past.

Forget the Lee of battle, and see the old man moving among the old soldiers and young children who were attracted to him as though he were a magnet. Forget the general in gray, and observe the stiff old fellow in the black suit, moving back and forth between his home and the college chapel he conceived and built. Focus your eyes sharply on this man. For *this* is the real Robert E. Lee.



Portrait of Robert E. Lee, President of Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, by A. J. Volck. *—Bettmann Archive.*

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Talking to the Russians: Part 2

TWO weeks ago in this space we reported on a conference at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, involving some two dozen American and Soviet private citizens. The meeting, underwritten by the Ford Foundation, was arranged under the cultural exchange agreement between the two countries. It was an effort to see whether, on an unofficial basis, discussions of important issues could be instructive and productive.

What was learned? Obviously, each participant carried away with him his own set of observations. For ourselves, what struck us most forcibly about the conference was the need for a "judge" or impartial outsider to preside over the meeting. Not that any bias was shown by the American and Soviet individuals who alternated in the chair. The chairmen followed parliamentary procedure and saw to it that everyone who wanted to speak was given a turn. But there was no one in a position to apply the rules of evidence; no one who could ask for additional facts or who could rule that certain statements were immaterial or inadmissible; no one, in short, who could apply objective criteria to the arguments offered by both sides.

The absence of such a magistrate did not mean that the discussions were without value. Far from it. The fact of confrontation alone was an important one. Conceptions and misconceptions could be rigorously examined. Each side had a beneficial cathartic experience in being able to talk to the other directly. But there was no way of moving systematically toward an objective determination or decision, no way of establishing a point beyond cavil or contradiction, no way of pursuing a line of argument through to its logical conclusion and having it accepted as a fixed point in the total discussions.

A judge or impartial authority might have called attention to the fact of an occasional double yardstick. There was a tendency—natural enough and perhaps even inevitable—for participants to measure the actions of their own country according to the stern requirements of national security and safety. The action of another nation, however, would generally be measured on a more objective basis.

THE presence of an authoritative third party might also have made it possible for each side to give essential ground without feeling it had sacrificed any portion of the national honor. In the absence of a presiding magistrate, men do not easily relinquish positions affecting their vital interests. Moreover, there is a tendency for a group to close ranks against outside criticisms or claims, on the principle that one's nation is automatically right when its vital interests are questioned.

Only an impartial authority can deal with the deadlock that results when two such sets of vital interests rest on contradictory claims.

If this general principle has validity for a private conference, it is no less valid for official negotiations. In fact, we came away from Andover with an enlarged appreciation of the difficulties involved in direct discussions between the United States and the Soviet Union. Obviously, everything must be done to keep open channels of direct communications between the two countries on the highest levels. But if official negotiations are to be more fruitful than they have been in the past, it may be useful to consider the fundamental flaw in the framework of the meetings.

This flaw is represented by the absence of any machinery for decision or determination. Since 1948 there have been at least fifteen official bilateral negotiations between the United States and the Soviet Union, generally on the subject of the nuclear arms race. The fact that effective agreement on the most important matter in the world has not come out of these meetings cannot be attributed primarily to differences in the opposing positions. During the course of all these negotiations, both sides have made virtually identical proposals. However, these proposals have been made at different times and there has seldom been a synchronization of position. The main obstacle to agreement has been the lack of someone in authority who could dispose of all extraneous points or objections and apply objective criteria to all the factors involved in reaching an effective agreement.

In short, no major nation can reasonably be expected to make any concessions where its interests are concerned. It becomes necessary to dictate what such concessions are to be, based not on arbitrary rulings but on the application of reason and law.

The surprising thing about contemporary human society is that it has laboriously worked out techniques for resolving disputes among citizens but then completely sets these techniques aside for resolving disputes among nations. The machinery of law is the only effective means developed during history for dealing with private conflicts of vital interests, yet the machinery of law has yet to be created for dealing with conflicts when they reach national and nuclear proportions. Against this background, no man can regard himself as civilized or educated so long as he is detached from this particular lesson of history.

The United Nations represents the best existing hope that objective criteria, or law, may yet be applied to the volatile disputes of nations. If that hope is to be realized, the amount of energy and concern put into the U.N. will have to be at least as great as the energy and concern now being put into perfecting the means for ending life on earth.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ART AND GOVERNMENT

THIS IS TO COMMEND John Ciardi, a fellow New Jerseyan, for the forthright Republicanism of his article "A National Culture Center" [*SR*, Nov. 3].

He said of the artist that "the instant he begins to tailor his way of doing things in the hope of making himself more available to the handout, official or unofficial, then he has begun to destroy himself." Obviously, this applies to the artist and everyone else, equally, since our form of government is *most* gravely threatened by the handout mentality.

Mr. Ciardi observes that "The artist has no right to trust government," and this is surely true insofar as it applies to any government, totalitarian or otherwise, in which the individual citizen has no part, or takes no part. Sustained responsible citizenship makes the difference and differentiates our government from others.

Any government can make mistakes, and a few current examples may be of some interest to *SR* readers:

1. The Kennedy Administration is paying some performing artists and comedians $1,500 a week ($75,000 a year) for participating in the nation's cultural exchange program. This is three times as much as it pays Cabinet officers, federal judges, generals, and admirals. Creative artists are not included in this program, and top artists, at the same time, entertain our troops overseas for free. . . .

2. Poorly drawn legislation led to the Stonehenge-type FDR Memorial, recently overwhelmingly rejected by the Congress as the result of sustained criticism.

3. The fine example of New York City saving Carnegie Hall, the result of a national campaign led by Isaac Stern, Governor Rockefeller, Mrs. Roosevelt, and others, is lost on the Kennedy Administration, which is moving resolutely to destroy yet another famous old Washington theatre. Two have already been torn down for parking lots and two more, the Capitol and the Keith's, are slated for early destruction. The President, with the advice of William Walton, a painter, is moving to replace the Belasco with a federal court building. Concurrently, another Kennedy art crony, Roger Stevens, is heading up a nationwide drive to build the National Cultural Center in Washington on the ground that Washington lacks cultural facilities.

I would say that artists should take more interest, not less, in government and help make it responsive to, and appreciative of, the arts.

It was only a year or two ago that Robert Frost came to Washington to ask Congress to make poets "equal" to businessmen.

WILLIAM B. WIDNALL,
House of Representatives.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Ciardi replies: "I am grateful to Representative Widnall for finding something like an act of mind in my piece, but to pre-empt every alleged act of mind as Republican property is certainly a TVA of the psyche. As far as the arts are concerned I shall remain bipartisan in my distrust of Congress until Congress ceases to be in contempt of poetry."*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Of course we don't expect anything spectacular right off the bat."

THE WHY BEHIND THE PICKETS

SINCE, AS N.C. SAID in his editorial "Opening Night at WNDT" [*SR*, Sept. 29], magazines, like labor unions, operate in the public arena and should not be detached from public opinion, I won't hesitate in making my views about the editorial known.

I do not quarrel with N.C.'s opinions about educational television. I am strongly in favor of it, although I am not convinced that noncommercial television channels have to be set aside for the purpose. If the Federal Communications Commission would insist that licensees for commercial stations carry out their obligations to the community, the cause of educational television would be advanced. Classroom teaching, it seems to me, should be handled through closed-circuit television rather than through taking from all the people one of the few outlets provided for telecasting in a large metropolitan area such as New York.

N.C. states that the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists demanded jurisdiction over all those taking part in the television programs, even though these people were teachers or philosophers or writers or non-entertainers in general, and that operating a station under these conditions was ludicrous and impossible. For twenty-five years AFTRA has had negotiated labor agreements with radio and television stations, and has traditionally represented teachers, professors, moderators, program hosts, and similar persons, as well as actors, singers, dancers, and announcers. Many of these persons have appeared on other television stations doing the same work under AFTRA contracts on educational or public service programs. . . . What happened was that WNDT refused to include in a collective bargaining agreement the same protection against exploitation as is presently contained in AFTRA's contracts with other radio and television stations in New York.

AFTRA is in favor of educational television. AFTRA is prepared to negotiate rates that would be fair to both WNDT and the individuals involved. AFTRA has offered to reduce rates drastically because WNDT is a noncommercial educational station, and to make AFTRA membership optional with the individual.

N.C. quotes Dr. Gould as saying that it would be impossible to undertake imaginative, varied programming if all the people who appeared before the cameras had to join and pay dues to AFTRA even though they were not professional performers or entertainers. This is not a true issue. It is comparable to the arguments of newspaper and magazine publishers that they would not be free to print the truth, as the publisher sees it, if members of the staff belonged to the American Newspaper Guild, and the argument by some school administrators that teachers would not be free to teach if they belonged to labor unions and were permitted to strike for fair working conditions. . . .

AFTRA threw a picket line around WNDT on opening night simply because of the anti-labor position and tactics of the employer, with whom AFTRA had been trying for some months to get a fair contract without success because of these unfair tactics.

HAROLD KOCIN,
National Representative,
American Federation of
Television and Radio Artists.
New York, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

O'Neill in Sweden

STOCKHOLM.

FOR Americans the most interesting theatrical event of 1962 must be the news about the existence of Eugene O'Neill's unpublished 1938 play, "**More Stately Mansions.**"

The 276-page single-spaced typewritten manuscript is kept closely guarded in the Yale Library for scholars to examine at an as yet unspecified date. O'Neill, who never finished the task of cutting and revising it, apparently believed that this partially corrected fourth play in a projected cycle of nine had been destroyed along with the four other plays of the cycle he had written.

Karl Ragnar Gierow, director of Sweden's Royal Dramatic Theatre, first persuaded Mrs. O'Neill to allow him to attempt a play in Swedish based upon the Yale manuscript. The result is a four-and-a-half-hour cavalcade that demonstrates the almost impossibly ambitious scope of the cycle but at the same time reaffirms for us the ironic fact that the writing that O'Neill did during his later years, when he was neglected by the public, is remarkably better than that of the earlier successes that established him as the American theatrical giant of the Twenties.

Dr. Gierow's and Sven Barthel's version of "More Stately Mansions" begins in the Massachusetts of 1832, a few years after "A Touch of the Poet," and follows Con Melody's proud daughter, Sara, who has succeeded in getting young Simon Harford to marry her. Although he has wanted to write a book proposing an ideal society in which man would be free, Simon temporarily shelved this noble project to go into business and make enough money to free him to write without penalizing his family. While Simon is facing the facts of life, his beautiful and aristocratic mother, Deborah, has withdrawn from them to live in her own dream world, in which she pictures herself as the powerful mistress of a French king. But when she tells her fantasy to her son, he cruelly laughs, and her subconscious fury against him is aroused. If he has deprived her of her kingdom of dreams, she will deprive him of his kingdom of idealism. She urges him to give up the book nonsense and become a Napoleon of the financial world. This seed once planted, she retires to the summer house in her garden and resigns herself to being possessed by facts which turn her into a shockingly haggard old woman, or, as she puts it, "to look at myself in the mirror and make a well-bred curtsey to old age and ugliness, greet them as the guests of my life's night, as my body's old gentlemen-callers with the bored and dried up hearts of roués."

However, her husband's death gives her an opportunity to return to the land of the living by reassociating herself with Simon as a loving grandmother to his children, and she persuades Sara to move her family into her more stately mansion with her, luring her by offering Sara the ownership of the property. Sara greedily accepts, and Simon, who has burned the manuscript of his utopian book, becomes possessed with plans for an avaricious abuse of free enterprise in which he embraces slave trade and monopolistic practices.

On the surface all is success and happiness. But subconsciously Simon, who has discovered that power is the only freedom that exists, now complains of a feeling of emptiness following each new business success. As he tries to reason it out, "It's as if I no longer had the strength of will to hold myself together. Another 'me' is in revolt—is freeing itself—as if from this moment on I had to be two 'me's'—a state of war. Well, it's going to be their war, too. Mother and Sara. From now on I'm going to demand that each of you accept the full responsibility for what I have become."

To bring about this separation he inveigles Sara into coming to work for him as his secretary and as a mistress-wife whom he will pay well for her favors. Then he deprives Deborah of her contact with the grandchildren, and substitutes his own daily visits, in which they can return to the son-mother relationship they once enjoyed together. Their relationship is defined by the fairy tale Deborah used to tell him about a beautiful fairy who by evil magic deprived a prince of his kingdom. After much wandering in search of the lost kingdom, the prince comes upon a door, like the one leading into the summer house, on the other side of which was his kingdom. He starts to enter, but the fairy appears and warns him that she may have changed his kingdom into something horrible. The prince hesitates and spends the rest of his life sitting as a beggar in front of the door.

Simon now controls two family relationships. When Sara and Deborah begin to see how Simon has deliberately divided them, they just as deliberately try to become friends again. To demonstrate this process, O'Neill jumps out of a naturalistic style into a "Strange Interlude" device in which the three characters speak their thoughts. Simon's discomfort at the new realignment makes marvelously droll theatre.

But this discomfort grows into confusion of the two conflicts, and this, along with the business deals that preoccupy Simon day and night but always end up leaving him with the feeling that he has lost his own meaning, are leading him into a Nietzschean madness. It becomes imperative for him to have only one of his two relationships—either with his mother or with his wife—and he doesn't care which. If Simon's thesis that man is a swine, not beautiful and good, had been true, he would have succeeded either in getting Sara to drive his mother into the lunatic asylum, or, failing that, in getting Deborah to help him murder his wife so that he could live with his mother in an unreal fantasy kingdom. But at the last minute both Sara and Deborah find themselves impelled to behave compassionately, and at the final curtain we are left to infer that Simon is on the way to regaining both his sanity and the lost idealism which is his true kingdom.

NO O'Neill play presents more difficulty for performers than this one, and Inga Tidblad, Gunnel Brorström, and Jarl Kulle, who played Deborah, Sara, and Simon, all brought skill and passion to their tasks. Yet Miss Tidblad's stunning performance was sometimes more fascinating than it was moving, and Mr. Kulle seemed so at home in the cynical way of life that we could scarcely rejoice over his release from it. Unfortunately, too, neither the director nor the designer had been able to create a cumulative unity of atmosphere in which the play's shifts in style might remain convincing.

However, one must be eternally grateful to the Royal Dramatic Theatre for having brought "More Stately Mansions" out of its Yale summer house and performing it as carefully and as passionately as they have. For its courageous effort strongly suggests that theatre directors all over the world should consider accepting the challenge of bringing this very difficult but potentially very great work to ever fuller though not necessarily more stately fruitions. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The "Bounty" Makes Port

CURIOUS though it may seem to those not familiar with the movie business, what happens to M-G-M's "**Mutiny on the Bounty**" and, a few months from now, 20th Century-Fox's "Cleopatra" are the auguries by which the entire industry will chart its future course. It is just a little like the automobile manufacturers waiting to find out how the public will receive the '63 Cadillac and Lincoln Continental, as if that had any bearing on its reception of the new Fords and Chevies. But the film companies have a mystique that is totally unfamiliar to any other line of business. "If it's expensive, it's good," they say—and if the public rejects their costliest offerings, what hope is there for the run-of-the-mill product?

It is scarcely the province—or the desire—of this column to predict audience response to the new "Mutiny." Unquestionably, M-G-M will publicize it to the hilt, until everyone will come to feel that seeing the film is his patriotic duty, like voting. Unquestionably, too, that potent factor called word-of-mouth will help. There are some pictures whose very description inflames the imagination, making one feel that he simply has to see it. I suspect that this film, despite flaws, despite weaknesses, has that quality. Above all, it is spectacular—and spectacle, in the most literal sense, is something that must be seen.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" offers plenty to look at. Filmed in Ultra Panavision 70, still another wide, wide screen process, it is crammed with breathtaking seascapes and landscapes—the *Bounty* dark and majestic against the orange fire of a South Seas sunset, the *Bounty* dwarfed in the vast emerald curve of a Tahitian bay, natives by the thousands paddling their catamarans across sparkling waters to greet the ship, the incredible lushness of Tahiti itself. When the ship sets out from Portsmouth, her grey-green sails seem to unfurl directly into the camera; and the first shot of her fully rigged in the open sea is calculated to lift the heart of even the most resolute landlubber.

Against such beauties, the incessant, nagging cruelties of Captain Bligh assume the ugliest coloration—and the camera is no less zealous in recording these. There are floggings and keelhaulings. A sailor falls to his death for want of water. Another goes out of his mind after drinking bilge. Bligh rules his ship with an iron fist, and the film makers can scarcely wait to run out the full bill of particulars that led to the mutiny.

It proves to be the major weakness in the film. As incident follows incident, there is hardly time to breathe before we are plunged hip-deep into the next. Moments after a seaman has been flogged for stealing cheeses, the *Bounty* is floundering through gigantic waves off Cape Horn. In the midst of a howling gale, with a beer cask loose below decks, Bligh orders his ship turned to the wind—and a sailor is crushed attempting to secure the cask. The effect is piecey, as if the connective tissues had been chopped out (which may well have been the case, since characters repeatedly appear or disappear without explanation).

It also leaves Marlon Brando, as first officer Fletcher Christian, with surprisingly little to do in the first half of the film except react to Bligh's assorted torments and bad decisions. Brando makes of Christian a fop, a dandy who is transformed into a mutineer by a growing sense less of humanity than of outrage. Bligh is no gentleman; and it is his repeated violation of the gentleman's code that finally moves Christian (but not until the second act) to take over the ship. Brando's performance itself is a curious one. His first entrance, with an affected English drawl, is momentarily amusing; then one realizes that an affected young Englishman might well have affected this drawl. The same holds true for later exuberances of speech and dress. But in his romantic scenes, he is pleasingly simple and direct; and in the awkwardly written finale, in which Christian urges his men to return to England and submit their case to the courts, he achieves a dignity that transcends his lines. The character of Christian has not been consistently drawn, but Brando keeps trying to force the ends together.

The large supporting cast is almost uniformly excellent, with Trevor Howard as Bligh, and Richard Harris, Hugh Griffith, Noel Purcell, and Chips Rafferty as recalcitrant seamen, sharing the top honors. Richard Haydn, as the naturalist whose quest for the breadfruit plant precipitated the entire *Bounty* adventure, not only brings a quiet authority to his role, but reads well the commentary that attempts to lend coherence to the story. But for all its human cargo, the *Bounty* herself remains the star of this film. And if enough people admire the cut of her jib, M-G-M may well be afloat again.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Two for the Psychiatrist

NO USE denying the fact that I saw the Broadway stage version of William Gibson's "**Two for the Seesaw**," or that I was not able to erase entirely from my mind while watching the film version, the pleasant memory of Anne Bancroft's Gittel. I have only admiration and respect for Shirley MacLaine (who is the movie Gittel), but to put it bluntly she is not the Gittel I once knew and loved. Nor, to put it equally bluntly, did I enjoy the movie as much as I did the play (which, by the way, I didn't *totally* enjoy, because I never did quite understand the neurosis of her Midwestern lover, who went back to a wife he was already divorced from), and I felt, at the end of the film, rather like one who had hoped to pull out a frothy soufflé, only to find on opening the oven door that it had fallen flat.

The ingenious performance of Miss Bancroft, and Arthur Penn's expert direction, had moved the play effortlessly along into the enormous hit it became. The nervous, ulcerous Bronx girl, dedicated to the modern dance, was brought to vivid life, with each mannerism, each voice inflection, perfectly observed, perfectly conveyed. No matter that the lonely man from the Midwest was moony and vague—with Gittel on stage you believed. Shirley MacLaine is given a slight Bronx veneer in the movie, and she emerges as adorable and a darling, but her Hollywood background keeps peeping through. There has also been a change in what I guess is called the characterization. Mr. Gibson's literary type of masochism is still her basic problem, but Gittel is now softer, cuter, and a little dopier, if you know what I mean. Miss Bancroft's Gittel, on the other hand, was made up of rough edges, but a keen, quick intelligence, and it was because she was both rough and intelligent, and puzzled by this, that she was a problem, with those psychosomatic ulcers.

Thus, the bite of the story has been lost, and while Robert Mitchum tries his level and capable best to give conviction to the other half of the duo, the rather slavish screenplay provided by Isobel Lennart gives him no extra

(*Continued on page* 75)

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Two-and-a-Half-Minute Storm

HOWARD K. SMITH'S "News and Comment" program (Sunday nights, ABC-TV) had scheduled an essay on "The American Fighting Man" for Veterans Day. Then, on Wednesday, November 7, former Vice President Nixon conceded that he had lost the California race for Governor. Two days later, Mr. Smith, demonstrating his sharp instinct for imaginative public affairs broadcasting, announced that he was canceling the soldier show and substituting a quickly put-together program, "The Political Obituary of Richard M. Nixon." Four men would help him "report and analyze one of the most interesting figures of our time." Alger Hiss was one of the four. Nixon himself, in his recent book, "Six Crises," said Hiss had figured prominently in one of the crises of his career.

On Saturday, November 10, the thunder on the political far right began to roll ominously. People wrote and telephoned ABC protesting the inclusion of Hiss on the program. These early rumblings came mostly from conservatives in California and suburban New York and from American Legion posts. By Veterans Day morning the storm had assumed enormous proportions. James C. Hagerty, ABC News chief and former press secretary to President Eisenhower, received a telephone call from his old boss. Mr. Eisenhower, according to Hagerty, would never ask anybody to kill a show. He had heard rumors, however, that Smith was planning to interview Alger Hiss for half an hour on Nixon's political demise. The ABC News executive said he explained that the show was to be a fair, balanced treatment of a controversial subject; that Congressman Gerald R. Ford (Republican of Michigan) and Murray Chotiner, a Nixon associate, would present sympathetic evaluations, that not only Hiss but also Jerry Voorhis, former California Congressman defeated by Nixon, would offer opposing views, and that Howard K. Smith would contribute his customary responsible commentary. Mr. Hagerty said that his explanation concluded the conversation save for personal matters the two friends discussed.

But other Republican stalwarts were still not satisfied. Two ABC affiliates in Ohio, owned by the Taft family, and two Triangle Broadcasting stations (in New Haven and Philadelphia) announced they would not carry the upcoming program—sight or even script unseen. Sunday night the thunder was still rolling; ABC continued to receive protests. But the Howard K. Smith show went on the air as planned. Of the approximately twenty-four minutes of actual show time (not counting titles, commercials, etc.), Alger Hiss, according to the network, was seen and heard for a total of two minutes and thirty-one seconds.

It was a surprisingly mild as well as brief interval. Nixon, in 1948, had been a key figure in the conviction of Hiss for perjury in the celebrated case involving Communist espionage. On the program Hiss said he felt no warmth or affection for Nixon but neither did he express hostility. He commented that Nixon was politically ambitious in those days; that he had responded to an ugly time in our country and ridden a political wave. If it hadn't been Nixon, Hiss said, it would have been somebody else. The morning after the show, ABC was accused in many quarters of bad taste and poor judgment in allowing "a convicted perjurer—even a traitor—to vilify and condemn a distinguished American." The Taft stations in Ohio, still censorious, relented and agreed to show the delayed broadcast to local audiences. The mail continued heavy but now many viewers wrote to express their approval of the show.

The Schick Safety Razor Company, a participating sponsor in two ABC network television entertainment programs, asked to be released from a million-dollar advertising contract. This California corporation (not to be confused with the Schick Electric Razor Company) is a backer of the California far-right Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. Kemper Insurance, which sponsors one ABC evening news report a week, also sought release from a contract, asserting its right to "select its own bedfellows." Nationwide Insurance, Howard K. Smith's sponsor, supported its commentator. The company, in its contract with ABC for Mr. Smith's services, insisted he be given complete editorial freedom. Murray D. Lincoln, Nationwide's president, said he does not always see eye to eye with Mr. Smith on the latter's selection of subjects or personalities (he did not see eye to eye about Alger Hiss) but that he respected the commentator's professional integrity and his right to make the final choice.

It is no surprise to find Mr. Smith

(*Continued on page 75*)

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

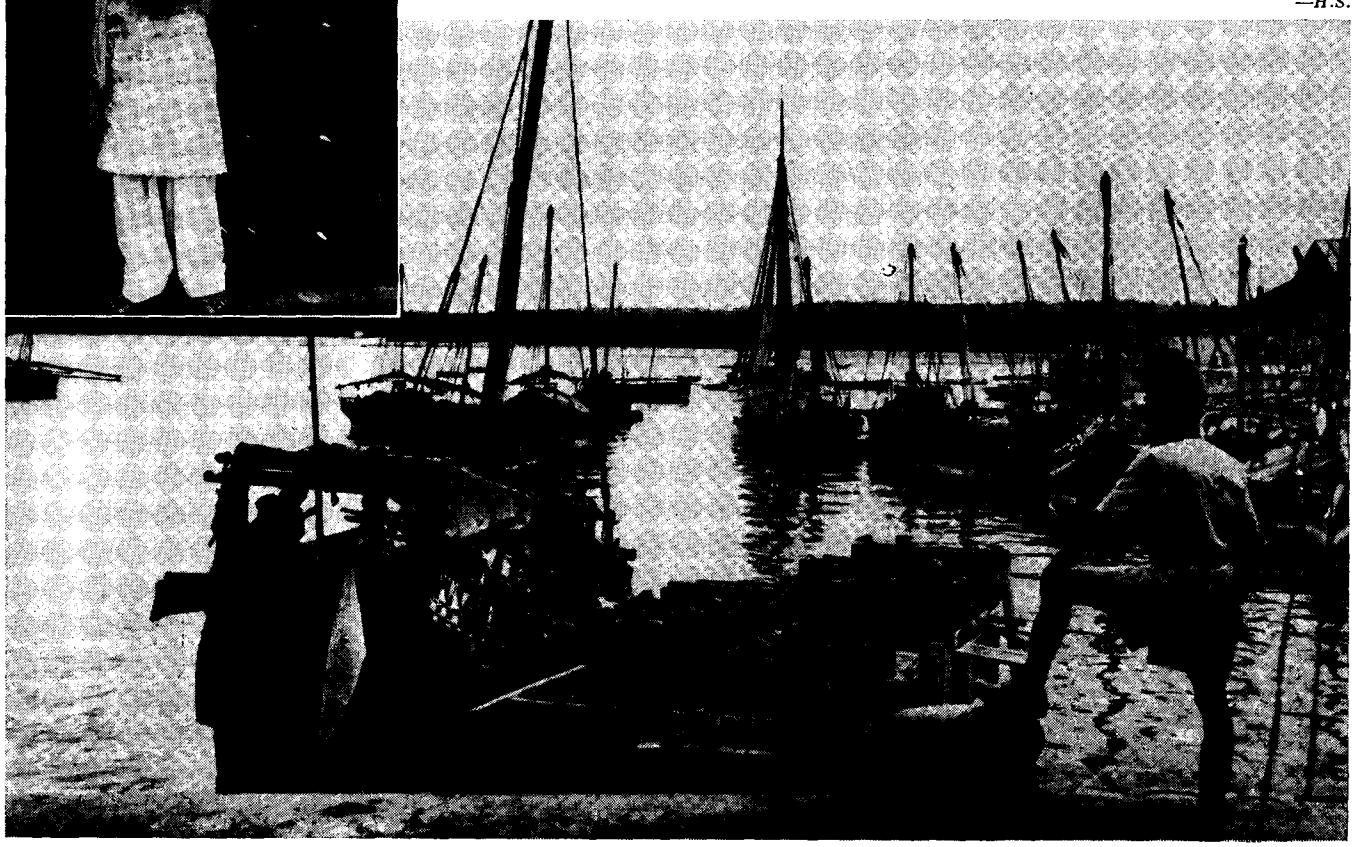
The New Continent—4. The Chic of Araby

KENYA and Kilimanjaro and the Kikuyus, the gnus in their game parks, the Masai in their preserves all stir in a special world, exuding a rare effluvium which, if not toxic, is probably habit-forming. After traveling in their company for some days (*SR*, Nov. 3, 10, 17), I flew off toward the coast, a short hop of less than 300 miles, where the beaches are washed by the Indian Ocean, the influence is perfumed by centuries of Arab residence, and the settlements have given their names to a storehouse of Grade B movies.

The departure of the twin-engine commercial plane from the neat airport at Nairobi was routine enough, and we flew over the game lands whose dust I had been chewing for days. We came down for a landing in Mombasa, a city whose celebrity is assured by the epic film "Beyond Mombasa" with Cornel Wilde, now bouncing the late-hour television circuits. Ships from far ports filled the estuary, and ladies swathed in yards of blue-black silk waited at the airport, ignored by the Hindu airline attendants in white shorts, white shirts, and high white socks. Now the sun was hot, burning the high-altitude chill of Nairobi from my bones. It was a Caribbean heat, wet and hot, and I understood it immediately.

When the plane was ready to move onward, down the coast to Tanga and Zanzibar, which was my destination, my companions included, I now found, the blue silk ladies who turned out to be Ismaelis, a Hindu matron in a pale pink sari, her delicate, beautiful features turned to the window, a nun who now had removed the pith helmet which she had worn atop the headdress of her habit, and, in the baggage compartment alongside me, a hundred chicks twittering nervously behind a curtain. At Tanga, the port in Tanganyika where we landed a few minutes later, we deposited a local hero of renown returning from a long stay in London. A brass band that seemed to have been mustered in the fashion used to call out a company of volunteer firemen was blaring a marching song properly called "Our Director," which in my collegehood always began with the raffish line, "We're a bunch of bastards, bastards are we. . . ." Whatever the words were here in Tanganyika, it was enough to make strong women weep, and they did, standing there in their *khangas*, which are two-piece brightly printed scarf and dress sets, dropping tears of joy, shouting terms of endearment with such abandon that you would have thought Frankie had descended on the home economics class at Montclair High School.

The streets in front of the seedy airport building at Zanzibar, a structure faintly Arab in ambiance, were still wet with the afternoon rain when our plane got in, and the lobby, as I suspect it always is at plane time, was a mass of bobbing turbans. It is romantic enough to know that Zanzibar is an island fifty-three miles long and twenty-four miles wide, the second largest island in the Indian Ocean, and once a possession of the Sultan of Oman. And one can grow contemplative over the facts of its population, which are that of 300,000 people, 500 are Europeans, 200,000 are Africans, 45,000 are Arabs, and 15,000 are East Indians. But it takes a stroll through the Jubi-



Moslem beauty and brass-studded Zanzibar door, left; sloped-sail dhows ride from Arabia and India on the favorable monsoons.

—H.S.

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lee Gardens along the waterfront, past the gingerbread wooden phantasmagoria called the House of Wonders, past the palace of the present Sultan who must answer to the British Resident, the delicate euphemism for the Crown's representative, to realize what a welter of the world's people have come to nest on this obscure spit under the Equator.

On a bench sat two bearded Bohoras, disciples of a Moslem sect. They wore skull caps and white pajamas, and one, with his feet tucked under him, had left his shoes on the ground. There were women in black *bui-buis* and men in white *kanzus* that looked like nightgowns, and others in tunics. Vendors peddled sugar cane juice flavored with ginger or lime. There were piles of green guavas and sticks of sugar cane for chewing, roasted cassava to be splashed with hot sauce, and chunks of hearts of palm two inches thick and big as a saucer to be bought for three cents a slice. The seeds of the huge baobab tree, used to make cream of tartar, also delight the youngsters who chew them raw. Hedges of bougainvillea run the lawns of Jubilee Gardens, and rising like some spindly creation of a mad baker stood the House of Wonders, a splendor of fretwork, porches, railings, the pluperfect of gingerbread piles which has been standing—Allah only knows how—since the Sultan Seyyid Barghash built it in 1883. From its broad piazzas the civil servants who now work in it can look off to the fishing boats with their sloped lateen sails, to the Prison Island which is inhabited by giant tortoises, tiny gazelles, and dusty memories of its days as a place of private detention where an Arab dealer kept his unruly slaves. Grave Island, nearby, shelters not only gazelles but also flying foxes. It is, as well, the site of the English cemetery and contains the graves of English naval officers killed in a skirmish against slave raiders in 1881 and British sailors who died in the action between H.M.S. *Pegasus* and the German cruiser *Koenigsberg* in 1914.

Adjoining the square of the House of Wonders is the Sultan's own palace, a great mass of white galleries and terraces flying the plain red flag of Zanzibar. The Sultan was not in residence, but as I stood contemplating his fanciful digs his son came roaring by the sea wall in an outboard motorboat, and the Sultan's own Austin, an unmistakable fire engine red, rolled along the harbor road on the way to its roost. The Sultan is a direct descendant of the first Sultan of Zanzibar, who was, as well, Imam of Oman and the Sultan of Muscat. By the Sultan's tolerance, a courtesy perhaps influenced by the British Resident, the United States maintains, within the Arabian nights precincts of Zanzibar, a Project Mercury tracking station. How prophetic was Lester Pearson, who some years ago warned a shrinking world that "the Sultan of Muscat lives down at the end of Main Street."

As for the future of the Sultan of Zanzibar, it would seem shaky at best. For although he is under British protection by the treaty of 1890, what happens when the British leave Kenya as they have now left Tanganyika and Uganda? Although the Sultan is the titular head of the island, his Arab adherents are outnumbered ethnically by Africans four to one. Since nearly all the Africans profess Moslem adherence, the religious odds are with him, but what fidelity do they imply? And what, the minorities are bound to ask, is to become of the Hindus, the Roman Catholic Goans, the Zoroastrian Parsees, and the Buddhist Ceylonese, to mention but a few?

From the great square with its fascinating masses, the routes congeal into tiny alleys and winding, crooked, cobbled byways strung with shops selling Arab bracelets, antique belts, bangles, and silver frames to hold the Koran. Stone-crusted gold collars that might well have adorned some harem captive could change hands for $225, and ruby rings fetched in some dhow from Ceylon across the Equator were $70. Zanzibar doors, which are giant portals of teak fitted with great brass studs, bar the entryway of the houses in these alleys, but there is a law against exporting them now and travelers must content themselves with Zanzibar chests, which are decorated with an orgy of brass fittings and studs.

Down one crooked street, at last, I found the Hotel Zanzibar, which is two Arab dwellings that seem to lean toward each other and are connected by a network of catwalks and bridges that I was never quite able properly to chart. Still, it has a small bar off the lobby, and is run by Scots people who keep the lobby furniture masked under white slipcovers, and were it not for the shoeless waiters in fezzes padding about the alleyway that passes for a dining room, one might have thought oneself in a rooming house in backwater Glasgow.

The night in an air-conditioned cubicle off one of those high-floor catwalks was not half bad, and the next morning I was off in the heat to explore the marvels of the market. No supermarket in Scarsdale ever offered more variety than one could find here, and among the items in the grocery list I kept during my promenade through its aisles, I found betel nuts, fresh lichees, red and prickly; baby shark; garfish; dog-faced ray; dry per-

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fume of sandalwood and sugar; charcoal in baskets of woven palm fronds; drinking coconuts that grow without husks; live baby gazelles to take home as pets; orange-colored lentils; green coffee; whole nutmegs; mounds of dried red pepper; and, of course, cloves that grow on the endless orchards of trees which some wise sultan ordered planted years ago.

Most fetching of all are the *khangas*, those cuttings of cloth so popular in parts of East Africa which scream their hues in a cacophony of color and are further emblazoned with sayings in Swahili, an African tongue predominant in these parts. "A Lover That Is Far Away Does Not Sleep Well at Night," says one, and "If You Come Late to a Sundowner Party You Won't Find a Partner." There are hundreds of proverbs in Swahili—Chairman Khrushchev, who has a predilection for them, would find a mine here—and included in a booklet I bought are two favorites I should like to pass along. The first one, in which I shall spare you the Swahili, says when brothers quarrel, take a hoe and go and dig; and when they make up, take a basket and gather the crop. Or, never interfere in a dispute between two brothers—just try to settle it amicably. The second one is snappy. *Mwosha huoshwa*, it goes — the corpse washer is, in his turn, washed, a ghoulish version of tit for tat.

Even in far off Zanzibar there are both politicians and admen. Of two *khangas* emblazoned with English sayings, one besought long life for the beloved Sultan and the other reminded those whose eyes fell on it that Fanta, a type of orange soda pop, *freshervates*. Of all the shoppers who stopped by the stalls of the cloth merchants, none seemed to look with more interest on the splendor of the *khangas* than the African women who had adopted the strict Moslem orders and shuffled the streets covered with black sheets, some completely encased except for see-through panels of horsehair at the eyes.

Down at the port the dhows were drawn up, boarding bags of cloves and unloading bags of lime. The cloves gave a snap to the air and a khaki-clad customs guard with a red fez atop his African face brought it color. A big white dhow in from Bombay sat placidly at its mooring and an outrigger canoe scampered across the harbor with sail set. It was still quiet at the wharves, but in the first months of the new year, in the dhow season, the lateen sails of the Arab ships would be set for the ride south from Arabia and the Persian Gulf to Zanzibar, bringing carpets and dried fish and tiles from India, sailing home again on the favorable monsoon.

When the heat waves roll south from the Equator or eastward off the veldt enveloping the city, there is little choice but to repair to the Aladdin Tea Shop, the coolest corner of town, where the walls are Arab blue, the wailings seem to flow out of the eaves, and the lateen sails slip along the horizon line. It's an upside-down world here under the Equator, where the clocks on the official buildings are set on Swahili time, and the first hour of day is seven in the morning and the second hour is eight. *Mwosha huoshwa*, and long live the Sultan. —HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the fourth in a series on Africa. The fifth and final installment, on Ethiopia, will appear in SR's issue of December 15.)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

COLOR COMBINATION

Of the large number of writers named Green and White (with variations in spelling), a baker's dozen have been selected by Margaret Key of Denver, Col., who asks you to match them with titles of their works. Answers on page 35.

1. William H. Whyte, Jr.	( )	"A Puritan in Babylon"
2. T. H. White	( )	"Loving"
3. E. B. White	( )	"The Making of the President—1960"
4. William Allen White	( )	"The Last Angry Man"
5. Stuart Edward White	( )	"The Heart of the Matter"
6. Theodore H. White	( )	"The Closed Garden"
7. William S. White	( )	"The Once and Future King"
8. Anna Katherine Green	( )	"In Abraham's Bosom"
9. Henry Green	( )	"The Organization Man"
10. Julian Green	( )	"One Man's Meat"
11. Paul Green	( )	"The Leavenworth Case"
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13. Gerald Green	( )	"The Taft Story"

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Dismay at a Present Past

By GRANVILLE HICKS

ONE OF the functions of the academicians who are now so diligently scrutinizing American literature is to call to our attention writers who have been forgotten or at any rate neglected. Blake Nevius has done this job and done it well in **"Robert Herrick: The Development of a Novelist"** (University of California Press, $6.95). Nevius, a teacher at the University of California in Los Angeles and the author of a study of Edith Wharton, is an admirable scholar and a critic of some discernment.

We think of the first decade of this century as one of the barren periods in our literature, and yet it really wasn't. Henry James, William Dean Howells, and Mark Twain were still alive and still writing, and James published his illustrious late novels in the opening years of the decade. Frank Norris ended his career, and Theodore Dreiser, who was only a year younger, began his. Edith Wharton published "The House of Mirth." Upton Sinclair and Jack London were flourishing. Winston Churchill, who was seriously recommended for a Nobel Prize, brought forth "Coniston" and "Mr. Crewe's Career." And there was Robert Herrick.

Herrick, who is said to have been descended from a nephew of the English poet whose name he bore, was born in 1868, two years before Frank Norris and three years before Dreiser and Stephen Crane, and died in 1938, after publishing seventeen novels. Because he was concerned with social problems and dissented from prevailing opinions, he has often been regarded as one of the muckrakers; but, as Nevius shows, the pigeonhole is too narrow to hold him. He was a complex figure and an interesting one.

Descendant of many generations of New Englanders, Herrick was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and, thanks to the help and encouragement of relatives, was able to study at Harvard. After his graduation in 1890, he taught English for three years at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and then joined the faculty of the newly founded University of Chicago. He had begun to write while he was an undergraduate, and he published his first book, a collection of short stories, in 1895. His association with the University of Chicago continued for thirty years, though during much of that time he taught only part of each year, and he was able to write steadily and to do a good deal of traveling. During World War I he wrote dispatches for the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1935, some years after the publication of his last novel, he was appointed Government Secretary of the Virgin Islands, a post in which he worked hard and found much satisfaction. Of his three careers—teacher, writer, administrator—he had, he said, taken most pleasure in the third. He died at the age of seventy while still in office.

In telling the story of Herrick's life, Nevius has used the collection of papers given to the University of Chicago Library by Robert Morss Lovett, Herrick's college friend, academic associate, and literary executor. The collection includes manuscripts of both published and unpublished writings, several fragmentary memoirs, and the letters Herrick wrote Lovett over a period of more than forty years. He also talked with Lovett before the latter's death, and he has talked with Herrick's son and with the woman who was his housekeeper in the later years of his life.

The record is reasonably complete, and it is of considerable interest, if only because many of Herrick's novels are autobiographical, in a rather bald sense of the word, and because he made frank and sometimes offensive use of his friends and enemies in what he wrote. Although he was not, as Nevius shows, a pure realist, he had a high regard for facts and particularly for those facts that could be verified out of his own experience. Moreover, as is true of any serious novelist, his major themes grew out of the circumstances of his life. As a young man with a strong New England conscience, he had been confronted with the chaos of Chicago, and had come to recognize the difficulty men faced in preserving their integrity. As a man with marital problems of his own, he was full of questions concerning the position of women in the modern world. The problems about which he wrote were problems he was facing.

A year after "The Common Lot," his first impressive novel, he published "The Memoirs of an American Citizen" (1905), his most telling examination of the problems of integrity. This is the story, told in the first person, of Van Harrington, who rises, by means that are less than ethical, to wealth and power. It is one of the most convincing stories of such a rise—and the stories were as common as was the phenomenon with which they dealt. Herrick's insight into his anti-hero is still remarkable.

"Together" (1908) created in its own day a scandal that is now scarcely comprehensible, but it remains in many ways a valid study of marriage in America. Herrick is writing about not one marriage but half a dozen, and he executes his complex scheme with considerable skill. If the book is marred by too much preaching, it has many fine dramatic scenes.

Herrick's last novel of importance was "Waste" (1925). Here, using much autobiographical material, he restated his themes: the evils of materialism, the importance of integrity, the failures of American women. The novel portrays fifty years of American life, and, chaotic as it often is, it portrays them vividly. Always one feels Herrick's deep concern for the quality of American life—the dismay with which he examined the present, the alarm with which he contemplated the future.

The common fault of biographers, especially biographers of obscure persons, is the making of large claims. If I have a quarrel with Nevius, it is that he does not claim as much for Herrick as he reasonably might have done. In the preface, it is true, he speaks appreciatively of Herrick's gifts, but when he is talking about specific novels, he is so concerned not to overlook their faults that he sometimes fails to give a fair impression of their virtues. If Herrick was a minor novelist, as he undeniably was, he is a significant figure in American literary history, for he was one of the most vigorous exponents of what Parrington called "critical realism." Furthermore, though I don't suppose there will ever be a Herrick revival, the four novels I have mentioned, and perhaps one or two others, can be read today with real, if alloyed, satisfaction as well as with some astonishment at the degree of the author's insight and foresight.

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USA PERSONIFIED

Royalty, Revolution, and Radishes

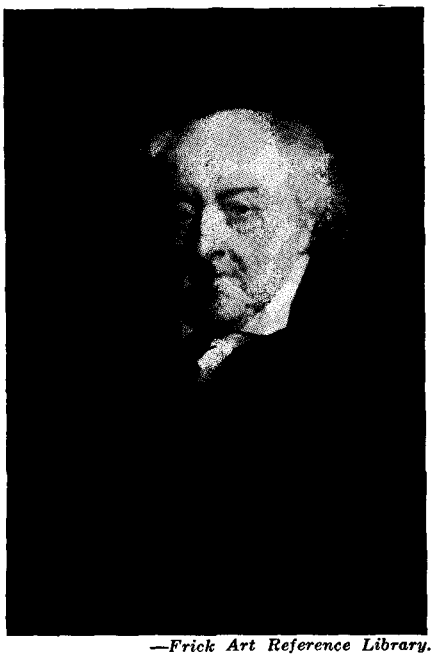
"John Adams," by Page Smith *(Doubleday. 2 Vols. 1,170 pp. $14.50), condenses the voluminous, zestful records kept by two members of a highly articulate family. "War for the Union" is the most recent study by the distinguished historian and professor Allan Nevins.*

By ALLAN NEVINS

THIS copious work is a tremendous achievement, and an achievement of a peculiar type. It carries intimacy in biography to a new point and, thanks to the author's thoroughness, does so with sustained success. John and Abigail Adams presented a unique opportunity, and Mr. Smith has made the most of it.

Just how was it unique? Biographies of John Adams we have already had aplenty; all the facts of his and his wife's lives possessing any real significance have long been known; research can present almost nothing new on their activities. But, as Mr. Smith saw, they left a record of unmatched amplitude covering their hour-to-hour thoughts and observations as they moved through fifty years of varied scenes and exciting events. Only a few months ago we had four large volumes of the record in Adams's "Diary and Autobiography," 1755-1804, admirably edited by Lyman Butterfield; and this is but a fragment of the whole. With ever-renewed zest the Adamses set down what they saw, what they heard, what they ate, wore, drank, and rode in, what men and women they liked or disliked, what they read, and what fears, exultations, hopes, or despairs they indulged. So graphic is their statement that it is good in raw form; but it is far better in Mr. Smith's carefully digested narrative.

Quite properly, Mr. Smith holds almost entirely to the point of view of John Adams. Now and then, of course, he departs from the observations of John and his wife to deal with historical events in the background which affected their lives but with which they had no direct connection, However, such excursions are few; we are tied, in general, to the hero and heroine. When the author describes the Boston Massacre, which John Adams did not see though he courageously defended the British officer involved, or battles of the Revolution in which he had no share, or world events shaping American diplomacy, he has little to impart. The unfailing source of freshness in this book is in the minds of the Adamses. This is subjective, not objective, biography.



—Frick Art Reference Library.

Gilbert Stuart's portrait of John Adams at 90.

It is subjective, too, in the fullest degree. Mr. Smith has spared no pains to make sure that his psychological study of John Adams as he went to the bar, as he entered the Continental Congress, as he undertook his missions to Holland and France, as he became Vice President and President, and as he sank in defeat in 1801, is accurate and complete. He has ransacked every archive and found countless new letters. He has wrung the last drop of meaning out of the documents that C. F. Adams, Sr., and others long ago published.

A biography of this type has limitations and faults as well as merits. It is composed in too great part of minutiae —of the petty details of private life alongside pertinent reflections on public affairs. It has too much on bread and radishes, chairs and tables, headaches and medicines, the transient aspects of fields and rivers, and the commonplaces of men swearing, women dancing, and boys grimacing. John Adams was a kaleidoscope of moods—anger, contempt, bitterness, complacency, restlessness, pride, modesty—all breadth and generosity one moment, all narrowness and spleen the next; and the subjective emphasis inevitably makes too much of his whirligig qualities at the expense of his dominant traits of purity, integrity, courage, dignity, and public spirit. We tire a bit of the incessant quotation marks. The author, keeping at Adams's elbow and looking through his eyes, cannot give proper room to the leader as others saw him, and cannot stand aside to assess Adams's role in history with detachment and perspective.

Yet, despite a certain monotony of effect as these eleven hundred pages of quotation and summary sweep on, enclosed always within narrow Adamsian walls, the intimacy of the record does cast a spell on us. We cannot tire of John and Abigail Adams. They were too shrewd in their perceptions, too catholic in their interests, too quick and vivid in their emotions, and too fundamentally honest of heart. Their insight into events and personalities was matched by their skill in painting manners, fashions, architecture, scenery, parades, and assemblages. If we are to be restricted to two pairs of eyes and two minds, we could not find any more lively, candid, and sagacious. And what a panorama quivered before those eyes! The heroism of the Revolution, the grandeur of establishing the Constitution and the new national government, the pomp and glitter of the French and British courts, the squalor of Spain, the homely simplicity of American farms and towns—all this the diaries and letters of John and Abigail unroll before us, distinct in detail and gleaming with color.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1009

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1009 will be found in the next issue.

PE PM TBMO EN KT XPGQ BAU ANE QBRHQEO; PE PM UPDDPGRVE EN KT ZNNX BAU ANE HXRWKVT.

GNADRGPRM.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1008

Philosophers are the pioneers of revolution.

—ROBERT HARPER.

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Rage Against the Night

"The Autobiography of Upton Sinclair" *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 342 pp. $6.95), tells how the author became a Socialist, a teacher, a muckracker, and reformer. Howard Fast's new novel, "Power," is the story of a labor leader of our time.*

By HOWARD FAST

IN THE final pages of his autobiography Upton Sinclair lists what he feels he has accomplished in a long and active lifetime. Always a methodical man, he specifies practical achievements, such as, among others, the reform of the meat packing industry, the organization of the Civil Liberties Union, his campaign for Governor—but he fails somehow to recall that there were half a dozen generations of youngsters who sat at his knee, and chewed his particular bread of social justice.

He might have said, "I was a teacher." As he wears it—and wear it he does—it is a proud and enduring label; and, marked by it, he is a part of a group of wise and saintly immortals, stretching back through 3,000 years of history, and bringing to men that essence of decency, ethics, art, science, and philosophy which is gathered under the single word *civilization.*

As with so many other Americans, Upton Sinclair's life is endlessly entwined with my own. I have not read all of his books; who has? But I picked up "Roman Holiday" in the public library thirty years ago, and then read "The Jungle" and "Boston" and "Oil," and bought "The Cry for Justice" (it is still a constantly used part of my library) and "King Coal" and "The Brass Check," and so many others.

Though never under the illusion that I was reading graceful prose or well-turned sentences, I found that in plenty elsewhere; here was a man who fought to write, whose usage was frequently wooden, whose style was generally graceless, but who wrote about things no one else wrote of, with lucidity and truth—and most often with incredible innocence and a total lack of sophistication. Even in those days, three decades ago, I would become irritated and impatient with the man's insufferable simplicity, his confidence in the ultimate triumph of good over evil, and his faith in the oppressed. But, impatient or not, I learned, and millions learned with me. I learned what no schools taught—a philosophy of social justice. You read a book by Upton Sinclair then, and you were never quite the same as before.

Now, in a wry and humorous and completely fascinating autobiography, this man, who seems to be as long-lived as the redwoods of his beloved California, tells how he became a Socialist, a muckraker and reformer—and, above all, a teacher to millions. The single son of an old and genteel but impoverished Virginia family, he talks frankly and innocently about the events and the people that went into his making: his childhood, first in the South and then in the slums of New York, his education at City College and Columbia, his struggle to become a writer, his bitter and unhappy first marriage, his enduring and fruitful second marriage, his work, his achievements, his hopes, and, of course, his disappointments. His life is a history of the eighty-four years he has lived; and the people he knew and writes about were makers of history and art during that time.

This book is neither an apology nor an explanation. For Mr. Sinclair, the eighty-odd books he has written and published are explanation enough. His sweetness and goodness shine through the anecdotes and memories—and that perhaps is the reason the autobiography does not measure up to the man. His books throbbed with anger, with pity for man's suffering and rage at man's inhumanity to man; but his autobiography is light and gentle, without malice and, for the most part, without anger—perhaps because so many whom he writes about are dead, so many forgotten. That, of course, is his own choice and privilege, but one could wish otherwise.

In any case, it is good reading, good for us whose lives were meshed with his, and good, I think, for a youthful generation who will be reminded that this nervous and affluent society once produced its own breed of radicals, dissenters, and saints. They will find a quaint and curious idealism, and they will also come to know a man who is greater and wiser than most of those in America whose greatness and wisdom are endlessly celebrated.

That he had lesser qualities as well makes Upton Sinclair human and fallible, and in this story of his life he makes no effort to conceal his streak of priggishness, his hatred for hard liquor, his attitudes toward sex, the food and health fads that thread through his life. These and other curiosities were of his time, his education, and his being; I feel that they flesh out the man without lessening him.

Let us hope there will be more books by him—and that the years will honor him as much as any man.

GRAPHICS: Art lovers in general and print lovers in particular will welcome **"Prints,"** by Carl Zigrosser (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.50). The book's thirteen illustrated articles (188 plates including four in color) range from Dürer to Kandinsky. Below, l. to r., Willem Buytewech's "Lucelle and Ascagnes," 1616, and Thomas Shotter Boys's "The Strand," 1842.

—Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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The Rain Falls Mainly off the Plain

"Wolf Willow: A History, a Story and a Memory of the Last Plains Frontier," by Wallace Stegner *(Viking. 306 pp. $5.95), is an elaboration upon and acutely personal companion to the author's "Beyond the Hundredth Meridian." Robert L. Perkin is book review editor for the Rocky Mountain News in Denver.*

By ROBERT L. PERKIN

WHEN Frederick Jackson Turner pronounced his eulogy over the American frontier in 1893, his attention was fixed primarily on events and processes south of the 49th Parallel. That line was arbitrary, of course, a sociological convenience; for the Great Plains pay it no mind as they roll north from Texas to muskeg, and it interposes no more barrier than barbed wire does to the Arctic blizzards that scour down from Saskatchewan all the way to the Red River of the South. The primary fact about this huge continental expanse is drought, and that fact has its historical corollary: because this is land of little rain, American civilization was tardy in arriving there. The Plains were the last frontier.

Turner was alert to note the petering-out of the frontier line on the prairies of the United States. What he saw led him into some profound speculations about the role—perhaps the dominant role, he thought—that frontier had played in shaping the character of a people. Had he cast his eyes just a bit north of the 49th Parallel, to the Cypress Hills country of southwestern Saskatchewan, he might have discovered a natural laboratory for the testing of his theories.

Here was a backwater eddy in which the forces Turner sought to evaluate were still churning out decisions. But by 1893 time was in a hurry in the Cypress Hills. Historical eras were compressed, foreshortened, played out in quick time. The Indian-buffalo culture had just ended, the cattleman's frontier was building toward its brief moment of glory, which would end abruptly and totally with the big die-up in the winter of 1906-07; and the farmer's frontier hadn't even started to take shape. The Cypress Hills country went from "massacre" to dust bowl within forty years, a transition southeastern Colorado required a century to accomplish.

Not long after Turner delivered his now-famous address to the American Historical Association in Chicago, a transplanted Iowa boy was living in a false-front village close to where the Whitemud forms in the Cypress Hills. For about six years he stayed there, a "sensuous little savage," soaking in sights and smells, feeling the living geometry of horizon and sky, and watching, with utterly no sense of historical participation, the first turning of prairie sod. Fortunately, the boy grew up tall as Wallace Stegner.

"Wolf Willow" is the man remembering the boy, and with it Stegner now has written two of the most important Western books of the decade. For "Wolf Willow" is an elaboration upon and an inquiry into the origins of "Beyond the Hundredth Meridian" (1954), even though the books are wholly disparate in manner and mood, the one acutely personal and the other a perceptive account of how John Wesley Powell challenged the Garden Myth of the Bountiful West. Both are, so to speak, geo-history, intensified, sharpened, made viable and useful by poetic insights and a keen intelligence; and thus both impinge on the Turner thesis with significant refinements.

The title "Wolf Willow" derives from a shrub native to the Saskatchewan bottoms, which apparently is as memorably pungent as sage. The smell of wolf willow runs through Stegner's remembered boyhood as the tang of salt marsh might haunt a seacoast child grown up far from the sea, unable to remember the source. When he comes home again, "easing watchfully into the past" nearly fifty years later with that "queer adult compulsion to return to one's beginnings," he rediscovers the special willow. Thereafter, the scent pervades every page of his book. The reader discovers it too; he can smell it on the dust jacket once he has been through this harshly beautiful country and its past with Stegner as guide.

In form, "Wolf Willow" is a strange, perhaps even awkward, book. An attempt has been made to use the strengths of fiction to deepen the historical impact. Close to a third of the volume, the middle third, is an effectively fictionalized account of how the terrible winter of 1906 whipped one cattle outfit, man and beast. It makes a powerful, dramatic, high-tension short novel, and the point is scored. This is how it was; here is brute country where the price of survival is adaptation. But tampering with the unities, however boldly and purposefully, has its hazards. In the hands of any lesser craftsman than Stegner it would not have come off at all, and most readers probably will be content not to have Stegner try the experiment a second time.

Fore and aft of this meaty wedge of fiction are long passages of richly satisfying reminiscence, self-examination, and personalized history. Through the author's thought and experience we come to fresh, live truths about the American frontier, and, after all, it is Stegner's own sensitive perceptions we seek. He has taught us, early in the pages of "Wolf Willow," about the importance of minute, lone man on an ocean of prairie grass:

> I feel how the world still reduces me to a point and then measures itself from me. Perhaps the meadowlark singing from a fence post—a meadowlark whose dialect I recognize—feels the same way. All points on the circumference are equidistant from him; in him all radii begin; all diameters run through him; if he moves, a new geometry creates itself around him. . . . No wonder he sings.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 4, 9, 6, 13, 12, 10, 2, 11, 1, 3, 8, 5, 7.

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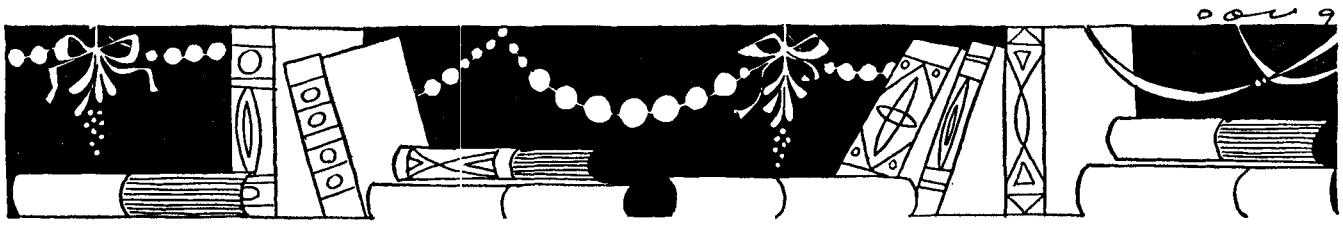
BOOKS BENEATH THE MISTLETOE



FICTION

THE REIVERS: A Reminiscence. By William Faulkner. Random House. $4.95. The last novel by the Nobel Prize-winner possesses a humor that is often missing from the grimmer chronicles of Yoknapatawpha County.

SHIP OF FOOLS. By Katherine Anne Porter. Little, Brown. $6.50. The long-promised first novel by the noted short-story writer concerns the fatalities of life and the perils of human relationships as revealed on an Atlantic crossing during the summer of 1931.

ISLAND. By Aldous Huxley. Harper. $5. An allegory about an island Utopia, which blends Buddhism with modern science.

A SPIRIT RISES. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking. $3.75. The varied wares of a gifted storyteller are displayed in this satisfying collection.

REINHART IN LOVE. By Thomas Berger. Scribners. $5.95. This sequel to "Crazy in Berlin" continues, with Richard Stern's "Golk" and Joseph Heller's "Catch-22," the tradition of the novel of the absurd.

THE FAVOURITE. By Françoise Mallet-Joris. Translated by Herma Briffault. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50. The complicated intrigues of the court of Louis XIII center on a lonely adolescent girl, Louise de La Fayette.

STORIES FROM MODERN RUSSIA. Edited by C. P. Snow and Pamela Hansford Johnson. St. Martin's. $4.95. These six selections indicate that today's Russian writers have inherited the passion for ideas of their nineteenth-century counterparts.

THE GOLDEN NOTEBOOK. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. $5.95. An attempt to present, in several dimensions, an intellectual young Englishwoman of our times.

AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE. By Iris Murdoch. Viking. $4.95. Love's complexities are explored by a novelist who finds that "in real life the fantastic and the ordinary . . . are often indissolubly joined . . ."

DEATH OF A HIGHBROW. By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday. $4.50. A literary humbug is forced, through the death of a rival, to face the unpleasant truth about himself.

SAINT FRANCIS. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Translated by P. A. Bien. Simon & Schuster. $5.95. A fictional portrait of the Little Poor Man of Assisi which depicts him as a dynamic, God-possessed mystic.

THE MIGHTY AND THEIR FALL. By Ivy Compton-Burnett. Simon & Schuster. $4.50. Devotees of this novelist will be pleased to find that her seventeenth book sticks to the familiar cryptic formula.

THE END OF THE BATTLE. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $4.50. This last novel of a trilogy concludes the saga of a Catholic romantic who is disillusioned in his belief that World War II is a holy crusade.

THE BULL FROM THE SEA. By Mary Renault. Pantheon. $4.95. The conclusion to the story of Theseus, begun in "The King Must Die."

THE FOX IN THE ATTIC. By Richard Hughes. Harper. $4.50. The long silence of this remarkable writer is broken at last with the first of a trilogy that will portray the contemporary dilemma of the human spirit.

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE. By Muriel Spark. Lippincott. $3.95. Loyalty and betrayal are the themes of this seriocomic story of a fascistic Edinburgh school-marm and her coterie of students.

A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME. By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown. $5.95. The difficult-to-obtain first three volumes of the Powell series—"A Question of Upbringing," "A Buyer's Market," and "The Acceptance World"—in one volume.

MODERN JAPANESE STORIES: An Anthology. Edited by Ivan Morris. Tuttle. $6.50. A collection that includes among its twenty-five contributors some familiar writers and others less well known.

CHARLES. By Victoria Lincoln. Little, Brown. $5.75. A fictional account of Dickens's intimate and public life.

JEENEY RAY. By Iris Dornfeld. Viking. $3.50. The story of a handicapped girl and her terrifying encounters with a world that mistakes her for a mental defective.

BEFORE MY TIME. By Niccolò Tucci. Simon & Schuster. $7.50. A sardonic novel of high life and manners in Europe before the First World War.

THE INHERITORS. By William Golding. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50. The dilemma of Neanderthal man invaded by a more advanced race is the subject of this novel by the author of "Lord of the Flies."

AN ANSWER FROM LIMBO. By Brian Moore. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.50. An egocentric would-be writer sends to Dublin for his mother to baby-sit and dust while his wife supports the household.

THE SLAVE. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Translated by the author and Cecil Hemley. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95. In a tale that has the dimensions of a folk epic, a seventeenth-century Polish Jew wrestles with travail in a demon-haunted world.

FAIL-SAFE. By Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler. McGraw-Hill. $4.95. A frightening book about the very real possibility that a thermonuclear war might be accidentally triggered.

WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE. By Shirley Jackson. Viking. $3.95. In this comedy of the demonic, the author spoofs worlds both fantastic and real.

PORTRAIT IN BROWNSTONE. By Louis

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Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95. Through the eyes of a matriarch, genteel New York society is deftly anatomized.

ANOTHER COUNTRY. By James Baldwin. Dial. $5.95. The author takes an angry view of America in this deliberately shocking study of love, perversion, and hate.

THE PAT HOBBY STORIES. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Scribners. $3.50. Written at the tormented end of an unhappy career, these quasi-autobiographical adventures of a struggling film writer are now collected for the first time.

LIFE AT THE TOP. By John Braine. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50. The hero is not living happily ever after in this sequel to "Room at the Top."

THE DEATH OF AHASUERUS. By Pär Lagerkvist. Translated by Naomi Walford. Random House. $3.75. An allegorical tale of the Wandering Jew that hints at meaning beyond the reach of language.

A LONG AND HAPPY LIFE. By Reynolds Price. Atheneum. $3.95. A sensitive, carefully crafted novella about the romantic difficulties of a wholesome rural lass and her coltish seducer.

MORTE D'URBAN. By J. F. Powers. Doubleday. $4.50. A dynamic, gregarious priest, who believes that he is the principal ornament of his Order, is transferred by his superior to an isolated parish.

THE GOLDEN ORIOLE. By H. E. Bates. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4. Five novellas picturing various aspects of contemporary English life.

THE THIN RED LINE. By James Jones. Scribners. $5.95. A companion-piece to "From Here to Eternity," this novel focuses on an Army rifle company during several months of the Guadalcanal campaign.

PIGEON FEATHERS, AND OTHER STORIES. By John Updike. Knopf. $4. The gifted young author of "Rabbit, Run" displays his mastery of the short story in this second collection.

PERSONAL HISTORY

THE ROTHSCHILDS. By Frederic Morton. Atheneum. $5.95. A lively chronicling of the dynasty that emerged from the Frankfurt ghetto to a commanding position in the courts and financial exchanges of Europe.

GEORGE: An Early Autobiography. By Emlyn Williams. Random House. $5.95. The noted actor and playwright's early years in Wales are recalled with tranquillity and compassion.

TALES MY FATHER TAUGHT ME: An Evocation of Extravagant Episodes. By Osbert Sitwell. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.75. It is evident from this memoir that the author's five-volume autobiography did not exhaust his legacy of eccentric family anecdotes.

THE YOSHIDA MEMOIRS. By Shigeru Yoshida. Translated by Kenichi Yoshida. Houghton Mifflin. $5.50. The prominent statesman amplifies Japan's political posture from 1946-55.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH: His Family and Private Life. By A. L. Rowse. Harper. $6.95. Extracts from a recently unearthed diary throw more light on the enigmatic Elizabethan courtier.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. By Iain MacLeod. Atheneum. $5.75. A portrait of an honorable man whose sterling qualities were tarnished by Munich.

THE TIGER IN THE SENATE: The Biography of Wayne Morse. By A. Robert Smith. Doubleday. $4.95. A study of the political forces that have made the Oregon Senator a full-time maverick in American politics.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (Vol. II): The National Adventure, 1788-1804. By Broadus Mitchell. Macmillan. $12.50. The concluding volume of a major biography presents the first Secretary of the Treasury in a more sympathetic light than he has usually been accorded.

MY LAND AND MY PEOPLE: By His Holiness, the Dalai Lama of Tibet. McGraw-Hill. $5.95. A moving account by the young ruler whose country was seized by Communist China, written without bitterness or rancor.

WILL ROGERS: A Biography. By Donald Day. McKay. $5.95. The first full-scale portrait of America's beloved Cowboy Philosopher contains many of the memorable sayings that so endeared him to the public.

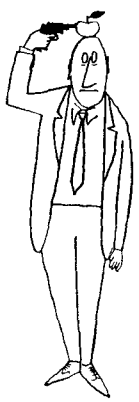
MR. SAM. By C. Dwight Dorough. Random House. $8.50. What the late Speaker of the House was and did filters through a congestion of Texas clambakes.

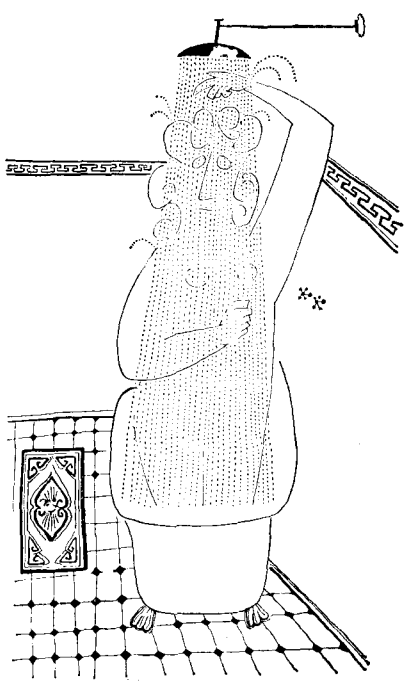
THE PAPERS OF JAMES MADISON. Edited by William T. Hutchison and William M. E. Rachal. Chicago. Vols I & II. $10 each. The first two volumes of an ambitious series cover the first thirty years in the life of our fourth Chief Executive.

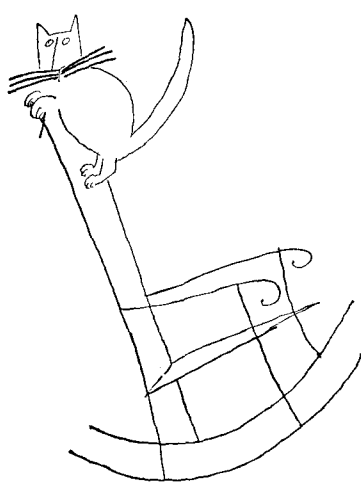
ELEGANT WITS AND GRAND HORIZONTALS. By Cornelia Otis Skinner. Houghton Mifflin. $5. The glittering personalities of *la belle époque* are evoked in this nostalgic look at the Paris of the Nineties.

THE PRODIGAL RAKE: The Memoirs of William Hickey. Edited by Peter Quennell.

CATS AND CURLICUES: For some certain smiles, **"The Catalogue,"** by Saul Steinberg (Meridian, $2.75), offers a generous collection of drawings by the inimitable master of the curled line. Calculated to delight the eye and tease the mind the book is paperbound in 8½" x 11" format.







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(*Continued on page* 53)

"I had it dyed! . . . makes me look younger, don't you think?

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EXCERPTS FROM RECENT RELEASES: A HOLIDAY SAMPLER

Importance of Being Honest

"ALL MY life, as far back as I can remember, I have hated lies. When I was seven, I had a bad tooth and had to go to the dentist to have it pulled, and I was afraid to go—fearing not the pain, particularly, but the blood. My father persuaded me—he said it wouldn't make blood. The dentist was a friend of my father's. He, too, assured me it wouldn't bleed. Well, of course it did. I was outraged. 'You didn't keep your word!' I exclaimed. To this day I remember how indignant I was that my father and the dentist had lied to me. Parents shouldn't lie to their children—not even when they think it's for their good. Even a little lie is dangerous; it deteriorates the conscience." Leaning toward me, [Pablo Casals] put his hand on my arm—a gesture, I came to know, that he makes when he is saying something he cares about—and said, "Conscience—its importance is eternal, like love. Something is happening to the world in this regard. We have consciences still, I think, but we don't heed them as we used to. Personally, perhaps, we still do, but en masse, no. I remember, when I was a young man, the Dreyfus case. The whole world was concerned over the injustice done to one man. Now we are more callous. Millions of people can be killed and we accept it and say it can't be helped."
—From "Cellist in Exile: A Portrait of Pablo Casals," by Bernard Taper (McGraw-Hill).

Politics and Pizza

MANY Americans now seem to want rich men in high public office, but they want these fellows to act like poor men. This may be called, for purposes of particular study, the riches-to-rags political posture or school of conduct.

Leading up to the 1960 campaigns, Kennedy and Rockefeller competed in raggedness. It was not until after the conventions that we often saw them decently clothed. Prior to that time, they posed for endless pictures in raveling blue jeans and frayed deck sneakers. Rockefeller took to eating in delicatessens. Some political scientists believe Rockefeller disposed of Averell Harriman rather effectively in New York City by being jovially more messy in the pizzerias.

Those few votes by which Kennedy defeated Dick Nixon may have come from the hamburger joints and malt shoppes he frequented during his bid for office. Nixon simply was not much of a drive-in man, yet Kennedy successfully dribbled chocolate shakes from coast to coast. Enough voters to put him in the White House must have reacted like indulgent grandparents.

"There goes a kid who could eat at the best places with his money, but bless his down-to-earth soul, for all his millions, he picked *our* place, the Tastee Toastee."
—From "The Good New Days: A Not Entirely Reverent Study of Native Habits and Customs in Modern Washington," by Merriman Smith (Bobbs-Merrill).

Summer in December

CHRISTMAS Eve came. All day, Mother and Grandma and the cook and the two oldest sisters worked in the kitchen. Fruit cakes had been made for a month, wrapped in clean white towels and stored in the dark pantry. But the lean pork had to be ground for pork salad, the twenty-eight-pound turkey had to have its head chopped off, and then it must be picked and cleaned and hung high in the passageway between house and dining room, and then, of course, you had to put a turkey feather in your hair and make like you were Indians; then coconuts had to be grated for ambrosia and for the six-layered coconut cake and the eight coconut custard pies, and you helped punch out the eyes of the coconuts; then of course you needed to drink some of the coconut milk, and as you watched the grownups grate the nut meats into vast snowy mounds you nibbled at the pieces too small to be grated—and by that time, you felt sort of dizzy but here came the dray from the depot bringing the barrel of oysters in the shell (they were shipped from Apalachicola), and you watched them cover the barrel with ice, for you can't count on north Florida's winter staying winter. It was time, then, to lick the pan where the filling for the Lord Baltimore cake had been beaten and somebody laid down the caramel pan—but you tried to lick it and couldn't, you felt too glazy-eyed and poked out. And finally, you lay down on the back porch in the warm sun and fell asleep.
—From "Memory of a Large Christmas," by Lillian Smith (Norton).

It Happened in Boston

THERE was one thing about the social set-up at Harvard though, and that was, that You Never Could Tell. That was one thing about it and you never knew where you stood or where anybody else stood and unless you belonged to the patent-leather pumps group you ended up not caring.

If you cared it could be pretty terrible. I knew boys who cared, and they suffered. And if things didn't go right they suffered all their lives, especially the Boston boys. FDR lived in style on the Gold Coast with lovely plumbing, Persian rugs, and a piano ($40 a year), and ate at the "Groton table" in his freshman year, slit open all the proper invitations from all the proper Bostonians with a solid gold paper knife, juggled Back Bay and Beacon Hill teacups with casual aplomb—but he never made Porcellian. So you just Never Could Tell. That bumptious Cousin Teddy, now Governor of New York, had made it! Zounds! Thirty-two years later, to get back at the Porcellian Club, Franklin founded a club of his own called The New Deal.
—From "You Can Always Tell a Harvard Man," by Richard Bissell (McGraw-Hill).

Temples and Dragons

THERE used to be a dragoness at Delphi, in a measureless cavern underneath the mountain: a slime-scaled monster, steaming, yet cold of breath. Whoever met her would be swept away doomed. Until at last the sun-god Apollo came and shot a strong arrow into her. Then she writhed shrieking through the forest, gasping out her life. Sunshine rotted Pytho (or *Typhaon* for typhus). She was a pollution. Yet where she died sprang forth the cold Castalian spring, clearest and lightest of waters, lovely to

(*Continued on page* 57)

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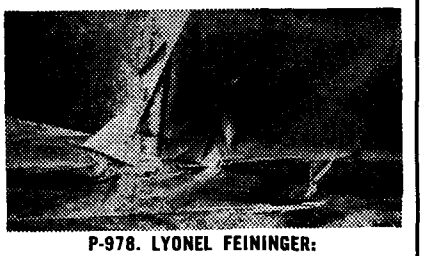

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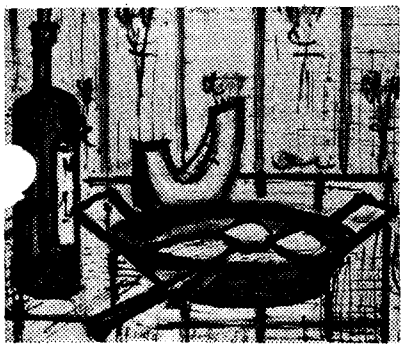

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Across the Border, Into the World

"New Voices of Hispanic America, An Anthology," translated and edited by Darwin J. Flakoll and Claribel Alegria Flakoll *(Beacon Press. 226 pp. $4.95), presents forty-one young writers from our neighboring Latin nations. John A. Crow is the author of "Mexico Today" and of the forthcoming "Spain: The Root and the Flower."*

By JOHN A. CROW

ONE HUNDRED and thirty-five years ago the Venezuelan Andrés Bello, who was then living in London, wrote his famous "Silvas Americanas." In the odes he urged culture to leave the decaying Old World and come to the New, where the air was pure and the horizon unlimited, and he extolled the simple country life close to the fruitful American earth. His ideas embrace the first suggestion of an independent Spanish-American literary creed, and, until late in the nineteenth century, the writers of the Spanish New World found their main expression in a vigorous regionalism which is not completely dead today.

In the 1880s, however, a new literary movement was born: Modernism, in which regional emphasis was replaced by a more cosmopolitan attitude toward art and life. The Spanish-American Modernists blended European influences with a native base, and thus produced a universal literature of great beauty. This marked Spanish America's cultural maturity and enabled the Southern countries to enter for the first time into the mainstream of Western letters. José Martí, Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera, Ruben Darío, José Asunçion Silva, José Rodó, and many others are names not only well known in the Western Hemisphere but resonant in Europe as well.

Regionalism continued to exist, side by side with Modernism, and it produced some of the finest Spanish-American novels of the twentieth century. The Argentine pampas, the jungles of northern South America, the Andes, the plains of Venezuela, the small towns of Mexico in revolutionary ferment—all these were portrayed with graphic artistry.

By 1940, however, the regionalists had had their say, and the writer's interest began to turn inward. Great efforts were made to probe the d[illegible]s of the human psyche. The age-old [illegible]-lems of life, love, and death reappeared against a background that was still Spanish-American, but hardly regional. Poverty, struggle, disease, and longing have no particular parochial face. Man's effort to give himself dignity is not limited to any locale. Today's writers in Spanish America are concerned primarily with these essentials.

THIS anthology by the Flakolls gives a fair account of the main currents of contemporary Spanish-American literature in both poetry and prose, with the exception of the novel. Nearly every Spanish-speaking country is represented. Among the poets translated are a few well-known oldtimers, like Octavio Paz of Mexico; but most of them are newcomers to the literary scene. Lorca and Rilke of Europe and Neruda of Chile have strongly influenced this younger generation, and an obvious striving for offbeat, colorful images beclouds many of the best efforts. Nevertheless, there are three or four very promising young poets among them, and who could reasonably ask for more? In the main the translations are excellent, with the exception of an [illegible]-sional bad slip such as "bury me [illegible] the hearth," or "it senses the air a-tre[illegible]ble to receive it."

From the Cuban Cintio Vitier, born

"TO BANISH HARMFUL, VULGAR BELIEFS" was the artist's declared purpose in his "Caprices," reproduced in **"Goya: His Complete Etchings, Aquatints, and Lithographs"** (Abrams, $17.50). The first edition of these savagely satirical works was withdrawn after two days, and brought their creator before the Inquisition.

—Illustrations from the book.

"What a golden beak!"

"Maja with a mantilla."

"Can the pupil know more?"

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in Key West, the following lines are typical:

When I came to the end
of the street nothing had changed.
Yes, nothing had changed. The change
was an emptiness shining in the
windows and clouds.

And the Argentine María Elena Walsh is partially characterized by these lines:

I come from an enveloping night
like the womb that held me:
I bring its form of silence,
its starless distances,
for I am born each dawn,
with the insistent bird that wakes me.

Among the stories in the anthology are several that are little gems. Perhaps the term "sketches" would be a more accurate one for these selections, which are not short stories in the usual North American sense. Plot and climax are unhesitatingly sacrificed in favor of emotional tone and an acute insight into the human heart at a moment of crisis. Humor is a scarce commodity; the young writer of Spanish America is deadly serious in his craft. When humor does occur, as in the Guatemalan Monterroso's "First Lady," it is barbed and leads to caricature. A dictator's wife, who fancies herself a wonderful revolutionist, performs before a group assembled by the Minister of Education in order to collect funds for underprivileged schoolchildren. The grand total taken is $7.50. Although social protest is implicit in all of the stories, it is seldom as obvious as this; and landscape never plays more than a subordinate role.

The stories are not preoccupied with the regionalist idea of "man against nature," but with the themes of "man against the city," "man against the system," and "man against himself." This last concern is perhaps the most acute of all, for it pervades the rest. Nearly all of the stories "depict characters whose lives more often than not are hard, tragic and bitter, but not hopeless, lives filled with vitality and a sense of individual worth," as the able translators point out.

The best stories in the book come from the city and are about the city. "Gloria's Saturday," by Mario Benedetti of Uruguay; "The Gates of Heaven," by Julio Cortazar of Argentina, and "I'm Sentimental," by Sebastian Salazar Bondy of Peru are particularly effective. Two deal with an unexpected death, the third with abortion and sex.

In the first, when Gloria dies in the hospital, her mate, who has fallen asleep during the crisis, is suddenly awakened to be told that she is dead. He asks to view her corpse. "I was held up by a dull curiosity to see her disappear, taking with her all my children, all my holidays, all my apathetic tenderness toward God." In Cortazar's story, after Celina has died of tuberculosis, her man goes to a cheap cabaret in search of escape, hoping to find another Celina. He comes back to his table "worn and thirsty, without having found the gates of heaven in the smoke and the crowd." In Bondy's tale the male protagonist, after helping his friend's girl, Cecilia, through an abortion "because he is sentimental," concludes with the statement that as soon as he feels better he will call Cecilia up and go out with her himself.

These are the new voices of Hispanic America that the Flakolls have given us. Not all the stories in the anthology are so harsh, but not one is happy. A similar cruel starkness is, I believe, not only the dominant note of the new literature but of contemporary Latin American life. The younger writers are making the most of it. They are dissecting their society in droves.

In a recent contest held by "Life in Spanish" the judges received 3,149 original manuscripts. Not one of the eleven winners appears in the Flakoll anthology, which only goes to prove how many worthy young writers there are in Latin America at the present time.

The scale of values in the southern countries sets creativity above cash. As the Flakolls point out: "The social prestige accorded artistic expression is immense, and for many a talented young person of humble origin it is the only possible means of hurdling the rigid caste barriers that still exist in many of the countries." Unfortunately, the material benefits of a literary career are almost nil. Not one of the writers in either the Flakoll anthology or "Life in Spanish" earns his living by writing. They are all government clerks, lawyers, teachers, journalists, businessmen, even farmers.

In the new Spanish-American fiction, man is placed in perpetual tension with a society that is still in flux. The great ferment of the European and even the North American writer is the rebellion of the individual against tradition. In Latin America a new order is beginning to emerge, but nowhere is its emergence complete. The young writer, however, no longer depicts a specific class tragedy from a specific or a regional point of view. Instead he has learned to illuminate what is paramount and universal in human relationships.

Wrong Party Line

"Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature," edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward *(Pantheon. 308 pp. $5.95), reveals that there have been nonconformist writers in Russia ever since the Bolshevik Revolution. Albert N. Tarulis is the author of "Soviet Policy Toward the Baltic States 1918-1940."*

By ALBERT N. TARULIS

SOVIET literature is a relatively unknown commodity in this country. There are not many people capable of reading a Russian novel or poem in the original, and only a handful of English translations have appeared in the nearly half a century since the inception of Soviet rule. Again, the urge to explore Soviet literature has not been great, owing to the fact that all we heard was that it boiled down to the portrayal of good Communists and bad capitalists and girl-loves-tractor plots.

Patricia Blake and Max Hayward's very useful anthology of twenty excerpts from Soviet writings between 1917 and 1962 proves that we have erred. There have been writers throughout the entire period of oppression who were nonconformists, who realistically depicted both the nice and the ugly aspects of Soviet life, and who resorted to symbolism or children's literature to get off their chests what they wanted to tell the reader. The editors call such writings "dissonant voices": they did not necessarily disagree with the political line, but ran against the general trend in literature.

Evgeni Evtushenko is an excellent example. About a year ago, he published his slightly censored critical poem, "Babi Yar" (it is included in the anthology). His was definitely a dissonant voice, since he touched upon a subject taboo in Soviet life, anti-Semitism. Nevertheless, although the poet was denounced by the Party, at the recent Youth Festival in Helsinki he proved to be as rabid a Communist as those who write in complete unison.

Except that the selections are arranged chronologically, the criterion for choosing them is not clear. The editors cite Mikhail Zoshchenko, Boris Pasternak, and Anna Akhmatova as writers who in 1946 were denounced for being nonconformists, for paying no heed to socialist realism, for avoiding political and ideological problems, and for spreading pessimism. However, only a piece by Zoshchenko, "Before Sunrise," falls into the period when the three writers were called on the

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carpet. Pasternak's piece, "Without Love," refers to 1918, while there is nothing from Akhmatova's writings.

It appears that the editors wanted to include selections unavailable in English translations. However, readily available translations, which appeared in the *Partisan Review* back in 1958, make up more than half of the contents. Hence, inclusion of a score or two more pages of already translated good material would not have made much difference, but would have rounded out the anthology. And, undoubtedly, quite a few readers who never managed to wade through all 600 pages of "Dr. Zhivago" would have enjoyed reading one or two dissonant passages from this monumental work. The same holds true of "Not By Bread Alone," by Vladimir Dudintsev. Although the book is available in translation, not too many readers of the anthology are likely to read the whole of that work; but quite a few would be interested in learning what Dudintsev said that caused so much commotion.

Inclusion of Nikolai Arzak's "This Is Moscow Speaking," on the other hand, must be seriously questioned. The editors claim that Arzak is the pseudonym of a Soviet writer. However, he has published nothing in the Soviet Union (the selection used in the anthology appeared in Poland), and the only proof of his nationality is that he uses an "accomplished Russian style." This may be true, but how do we know he is not a Russian emigré with an "accomplished Russian style"?

A forty-three-page Introduction by Max Hayward, plus comments on each selection by Patricia Blake, provide a fairly comprehensive picture of the tribulations that Soviet writers underwent. These included strict regimentation, silencing of nonconformists, public denunciations and admissions of guilt, concentration camps, murders, and suicides. Somehow, the editors say practically nothing on cosmopolitanism (which is another name for anti-Semitism), as if it had played no major role in the persecution of Soviet writers. From New York *Times* Moscow dispatches, however, we knew about it as far back as 1949. The reader may be curious whether there were any dissonant voices heard on anti-Semitism at the time it had reached its apex. The selections give no clue: one describes some nauseating excesses in 1917 under the "Whites" (Isaac Babel's "The Journey"); another refers to 1961 (Evgeni Evtushenko's "Babi Yar"). One or two hints of anti-Semitism found in other pieces are not conclusive enough to show how the writers really felt.

Prepared by a team of first-rate specialists in the field, the anthology will serve as an excellent introduction to Soviet literature for the average reader of belles-lettres. Still, he would have derived greater benefit from the collection had the editors appended a list of English translations of "dissonant voices," at least of those they cite. He would have been spared a trip to a public library. Incidentally, a reader with a command of Russian may have difficulty in finding other works that are cited in English; neither transliterations of the titles nor place of publication are given.

In conclusion, one may not necessarily agree with Max Hayward that "not only Russia, but the whole world, is indebted to Soviet literature for k[illegible]ing alive, in unimaginable condit[illegible], that indefinable sense of freedom which is common to all men." After all, Soviet writers are, unfortunately, not the only ones who write under unimaginable conditions. Secondly, in view of the fact that the quantity of Soviet literary output is tremendous, one cannot help but wonder that only a handful of writers dared to use the pen to describe the evils of the Soviet world, or were sufficiently imaginative to have their works published.

Magic, Morals, and Maharajas

"Stories from the Indian Classics," by V. S. Naravane *(Asia Publishing House-Taplinger. 303 pp. $8), and* ***"Folk Tales from Kashmir," by S. L. Sadhu*** *(Asia Publishing House-Taplinger. 184 pp. $6.75), offer a small sampling of a literature as yet little known in the West. Burton Raffel is a student and translator of Indonesian poetry.*

By BURTON RAFFEL

ANCIENT Indian fiction is a vast treasure house of witty, moving stories—and of work notable more for linguistic brilliance than for what we consider true characterization or clear narrative. The real problem, then, is essentially a negative one: how to transport into English only those stories that Westerners can read with pleasure.

Mr. Naravane's "Stories from the Indian Classics" is sometimes fascinating, sometimes deadly dull. His versions are "retellings," *i.e.*, not translations so much as adaptations, cut here, expanded there, with the contemporary reader very much in mind. The difficulty is less with Mr. Naravane's medium—he is blessed with a flowing style and a lively sense of pace—than with s[illegible] of the stories he chooses to pass al[illegible]. For instance, twenty pages are wa[illegible] on the overblown rhetoric of Suba[illegible]dhu's "Vasavadatta," a sixth-century "Magic Flute" that has been compared to Lyly's "Euphues." As A. L. Basham says, flatly and correctly, "It cannot be enjoyed in translation."

The first sixth of Mr. Naravane's book gives us thirteen Aesop-like fables *(jatakas)*, but only three come alive; the last sixth is devoted to the rather one-dimensional mediocrity of Somadeva's

(*Continued on page* 50)

—*From "Stories from the Indian Classics."*

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"Enough of Genius!"

Jean Renoir—"a private miracle."

"Renoir, My Father," by Jean Renoir, *translated from the French by Randolph and Dorothy Weaver (Little, Brown. 465 pp. Index and Illus. $8.95), and* ***"Renoir, His Life and Work," by François Fosca,*** *translated from the French by Mary I. Martin (Prentice-Hall. 271 pp. Illus. $6.95), reflect the sunlight and shadows of the Impressionist's contradictory personality. Thomas B. Hess, who has written two books on American abstract art, is executive editor of Art News magazine.*

By THOMAS B. HESS

RENOIR was one of those wonderful artists whose energy and invention are kept at highest pressure by a private miracle of syncretism: he preserved an endless series of contradictory ideas and sensations within the circle of his personality. Consider some of the built-in heresies that inform this perfect French painter:

He was a revolutionary whose art presided at the death of the courtly Renaissance style. And yet he brought the living touch and smell of eighteenth-century, aristocratic rococo into the second decade of the twentieth. In other words, he helped finish off the old manners and also painted slices of Versailles that are contemporary with Max Ernst's Surrealism.

Unlike most of his Impressionist colleagues, who were of *bon bourgeois* family, Renoir was a prole. But he moved effortlessly in Proust's society circles (much to the astonishment of such bourgeois commentators as Professor François Fosca).

He was a radical who despised left-wing politics. He read and reread La Fontaine and Rabelais and Dumas *père* and "The Jungle Books." A fervent feminist, he loved all women, but hoped that they would never learn to spell. He disliked equally priests and atheists. He painted for the future while mourning the past. He was a lonely man surrounded by friends and a devoted family.

His art is endlessly complicated in simplicity. His tragedy—a drama of losses—was expressed in hymns to physical presence. At the end of his life he painted with an incredible delicacy of touch—with crippled hands.

A patriarch with a white beard, he was always just starting to learn that ripeness is all.

It is as if everything that Renoir did or believed produced in him its antinomy, which he instantly accepted. Within this dialectic he created masterpieces.

Another paradox: Renoir's reputation has suffered from a stream of anecdotage in books, articles, and gossip: he is in danger of being type-cast in a foxy-grandpa role—The Lovable Old Impressionist. Even the biography of the artist by his son Jean Renoir (the movie director, famous for "Grand Illusion") is a mountainous mass of anecdote: first- and second- to twentieth-hand stories, reminiscences, gags, and rumors. But a spirit of contradiction triumphs here too, and, for the first time, the man shines through his recollected conversations. Jean Renoir's devout record may be a monumental nonbook (it suffers from an awkward translation that creaks with Gallo-syntax), but it recreates the passionate intelligence, virtue, and radiance of the artist and his art. The appropriate thing to do is to quote at length:

> They were lucky [Renoir said]: I mean those stone-cutters who carved the old cathedrals. To think of doing the same subject all one's life: Virgin and Christ-child, the Apostles, the four Evangelists. . . . What freedom! Not to have to be preoccupied with a story, since it has been told hundreds of times. That's what is important: to escape from the subject matter, to avoid being "literary" and so choose something that everybody knows—better still, no story at all. . . .
>
> The artist who uses the least of what is called imagination will be the greatest. . . . Look at the masterpieces Cézanne did with an apple. . . .

This same very modern note is heard in Renoir's attacks on the Romantic effusion. He said of Wagner's "Niebelungen": "No one has the right to bore us to that extent. I felt like shouting, 'Enough of genius!'" Jean Renoir writes that one day he was trying to pick out a Mozart sonata on the piano. "Like all poor pianists, I unconsciously emphasized the 'sentiment' as I played. All at once my father interrupted me.

"'Whose music is that?'

"'Mozart.'

"'What a relief. I was afraid for a minute it was that imbecile Beethoven.' And as I expressed surprise at his severity, he went on: 'Beethoven is posi-

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tively indecent, the way he tells us about himself. He doesn't spare us either the pain in his heart or in his stomach. I have often wished I could say to him: "What's it to me if you are deaf?" It's better for a musician to be deaf anyway. It's a help, like any obstacle. Degas painted his best things when his sight was failing. . . . The artist who seeks to present himself entirely naked to his public ends by revealing a conventional character, which is not even himself. It is merely romanticism . . .!'"

When approached by a sycophant, Renoir exclaimed, "Who? Me? A genius? What rot! I don't take drugs; I've never had syphilis, and I'm not a pederast. . . ."

He used confusion as a *forte*. "Some painters, like Valloton," writes Jean Renoir, "began at one side of the canvas, putting in all the balanced values as they go along, with the result that, when they reach the opposite side, the picture is complete in all respects. 'I envy Valloton,' my father said. 'How can he be so clear-headed?' . . .

"I asked if he believed that van Gogh had been insane. He replied that to be a painter you had to be a little mad. 'If van Gogh was mad, then I am, too. And as for Cézanne, he would be a strait-jacket case.' And he added: 'Pope Julius the Second must have been insane. That's why he understood painting so well.'"

"I was in Spain," Renoir reminisced, "and still exhilarated from having seen the Velasquez there. I went into a tobacco shop to buy some cigarettes. A fine-looking *hidalgo* was choosing a cigar. As I couldn't speak Spanish, I could only make out two words of what he was saying to the clerk. They were *colorado* and *claro*, and he said them several times. They were a revelation to me; of course: 'colored' and 'clear'! I had discovered the secret of Velasquez."

RENOIR'S politics and religion were passionately esthetic. "He liked the Commune because of Courbet's association with it, and the Catholic Church because of Pope Julius II and Raphael."

Curiously, crowds hated him; twice he was almost lynched: once after being falsely accused of kidnapping in a public park, another time (equally ludicrous) after having been charged with indecent exposure. Both these comic incidents have a pathos. It is the modern artist's fate to have that aura of integrity which acts on a crowd like a shot of adrenalin.

Renoir also had, "in common with modern vanguard artists," the privilege of being viciously attacked by art journalists. According to *Le Figaro*

(*Continued on page* 52)

Obsessed but Gentle

"José Clemente Orozco: An Autobiography," *translated by Robert C. Stephenson (University of Texas Press, 171 pp. $6), recounts parts of the story of the eminent Mexican painter, with some unusual illustrations. Sheldon Cheney has written widely about modern artists.*

By SHELDON CHENEY

IN THE recent reappraisals of modern art and artists, the Mexican adventure has not escaped a thorough going-over; the painters, especially the muralists, who found themes in Mexican history and in the world-wide class struggle, have been re-examined. In perspective, the one figure who has consistently gained stature is José Clemente Orozco. Today he is frequently referred to as Mexico's greatest painter, and many commentators go on to rank him as the most creative artist of the Americas in the half-century just passed.

His autobiography, which will live as a reference book for writers on Mexican art, includes a number of intensely interesting sections, with many pithy sayings and flashes of insight. But it is fragmentary, sometimes trivial, and disappointingly short.

The chapters were dictated by the artist to his wife, Margarita, for publication in a Mexican leftist journal. What Orozco considered important to the type of reader involved was the story of his training as a craftsman—a training solidly academic—the evolution of his nationalistic conviction, and his unyielding enmity to the oppressors of the poor.

In the entire book there is not one word about his wife and children. It is that far from being a "personal" biography.

But certain characteristics of the man and artist are brought out with new vividness. He could be a fiery and savage caricaturist yet he was gentle and retiring. He was obsessed by the cruelty and inhumanity of the upper classes but equally despairing of the actions of the downtrodden masses. He was anti-clerical, and at least once he helped sack a church, but he could be tender about St. Francis. He helped form the famous Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors—which miraculously found walls to paint, and introduced Socialist art—but he refused to join any party, particularly any party dedicated to a workers' art.

The book's most interesting sequence is that concerned with the art academy of Mexico City and its several changes of policy, all within the confines of Spanish-darkened, academic painting. "Nature was to be copied with the greatest photographic exactness . . ." Finally a painter trained in Paris

—From the book.

"The General and the Girl," by Jose Clemente Orozco, circa 1916.

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brought in the Impressionist palette and set up a Barbizon annex to the Academy. But Orozco did not like the open air; he preferred black and the earthy colors to the shimmering bright patterning of Monet and Pissarro. He also retained his fundamental respect for sound drawing; moreover, his work reflected the inspiration he had drawn from Posada and that artist's biting and melodramatic "people's art."

After the early triumphs of the Syndicate members and Rivera's rise to power, Sequeiros and Orozco were "driven out onto the street like mad dogs." The latter came to New York "to begin all over." Although his interest there ran at first to minority groups and the villainies of Wall Street, he loved Harlem, Little Italy, and the Yiddish Theatre. London, at first sight, "was like the seat of a noble family which had been exceedingly rich but had lost its fortune. Everything grown dim. A lack of repairs. Wreckage." Apparently the only artists he saw were the sidewalk painters with hats "ostentatiously placed to catch alms." He writes: "I would never have imagined that I, a citizen of a modest and, as they say, semi-colonial country, would come to be distributing alms to the hungry in the streets and squares of the capital of England."

The Paris that he saw was "old, ruined, miserable. . . . After six in the evening Paris is an immense brothel. . . . Old, old Montmartre a moldering cadaver, and Montparnasse full of vagabonds and the dispirited." But he interrupts his appreciation of "El Greco's great Christ in the Louvre" and Raphael's cartoons for tapestries at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, to describe a diabolical plot under which French and Germans exchanged critical materials during World War I so that fighting might be prolonged to the advantage of the wealthier classes.

Thus the great artist, obsessed but gentle, in an autobiography at times brilliant, at times a literary caricature.

A gift book "all lovers of Rome will cherish." – H. V. MORTON

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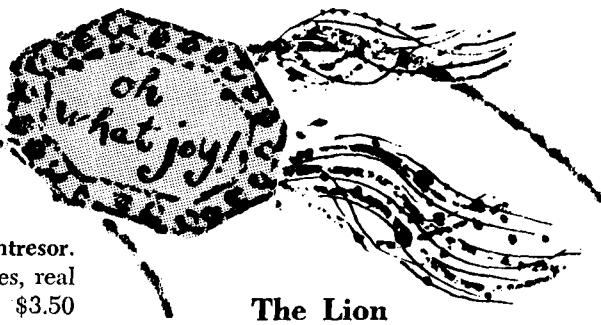

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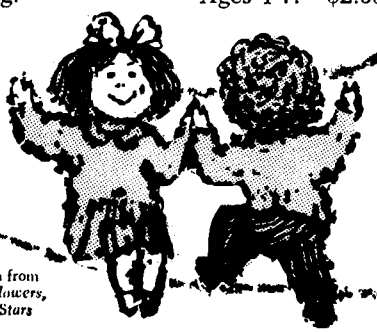

Illustration from *House of Flowers, House of Stars*

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The Poet Unperplexed

"The Dyer's Hand and Other Essays," by W. H. Auden *(Random House. 527 pp. $7.50), comprises thirty-four disquisitions spanning an eclectic range of inquiry. John Malcolm Brinnin wrote "Dylan Thomas in America" and "Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World."*

By JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

ONE OF the distinguishing faculties of W. H. Auden's vast, sometimes forbidding intelligence is its ability to fix upon a subject and to maintain a steady focus unmoved by the persuasions and prejudices that tend to make other critics unconscious apologists. When Auden zeroes in, he not only isolates his subject from every other but seems for the time to isolate himself from any familiar system of ideas or beliefs to which one might, for protection or relief, assign him. The result is a particularly naked sort of confrontation—mind over literary matter, no quarter permitted and no assumption honored. Auden gives analytical attention to books and social phenomena as, he suggests, the typical poet attends to an idea or a belief—"not because he believes it to be true, but because he sees it has interesting poetic possibilities."

In the case of works that have found a place in the conventions of literary history, this approach *is* always refreshing and sometimes devastating to settled views. One gets the feeling that Shakespeare, Byron, Dickens, *et al.* have simply not been *read* until Auden has read them. With the utter lack of self-consciousness that peerage quite naturally entails, he studies them with interest as neutral as that of an astronomer looking at stars. The romance of the thing falls away in an engagement that is immediate, exhaustive, and fascinating. One can understand why it was—when Auden gave a course in Shakespeare at the New School for Social Research—that a secretary was moved to remark, "So many people are signing up you'd think Shakespeare was lecturing on Auden."

But when Auden turns his attention to subjects that do not rightly command it and are not worthy of it, his intelligence seems not a radiant force but an efficient apparatus working beautifully in a void. A sort of hectoring insistence takes over; his subject, one feels, could be any subject picked out of a hat and juggled without a miss. The result is a waste of powers that brings him close to self-parody. Lapses of this nature are but the faults of a virtue, exceptions that only prove the rule that Auden maintains over areas of inquiry ranging from contemporary mores and contemporary writers such as Robert Frost, Marianne Moore, and Nathanael West back to John Donne and Shakespeare, with many entertaining and illuminating excursions en route.

Since his range is so uncommonly wide, one suspects that he may often speak with more bravado than authority. But such suspicion is put aside as, subject by subject, his power of abstraction and his gift for the clinching aphorism allow him to cut through to the heart of any matter he chooses to examine. His authority is surely and firmly supported by knowledge, yet its real force is felt in the applications of an intelligence whose subject, no matter what disguises it assumes for convenience, is largely itself.

The thirty-four separate disquisitions that make up this book are, in no sense, familiar essays, and it is perhaps off the mark to point out that the one important thing they lack is charm. Nevertheless, this is the case except in those delightful pages where, speaking as the new incumbent of Oxford's Chair of Poetry, Auden recapitulates his own literary development, and when, speaking in general of the character of the poet and the life of the poet, something akin to personal charm momentarily humanizes the operations of abstract intellect. No one has ever given better advice to people caught up in the romantic notion that they may be poets, or advice harder to accept. To poetic amateurs more interested in themselves than in their craft, who go at language as if it were material for finger-painting, he says:

> Rhymes, meters, stanza forms, etc. are like servants. If the master is fair enough to win their affection and firm enough to command their respect, the result is an orderly happy household. If he is too tyrannical, they give notice; if he lacks authority, they become slovenly, impertinent, drunk and disorderly. The poet who writes "free" verse is like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island: he must do all his cooking, laundry and darning for himself. In a few exceptional cases, this manly independence produces something original and impressive, but more often the result is squalor—dirty sheets on the unmade bed and empty bottles on the unswept floor.

In his "daydream College for Bards" Auden as Headmaster would insist that the curriculum include Greek and Hebrew, along with two modern languages, from each of which students would have to memorize thousands of lines of poetry. On his campus, volumes of literary criticism would be regarded as contraband to be confiscated upon discovery. Required subjects would be prosody, rhetoric, and comparative philology, with electives chosen from mathematics, natural history, geology, meteorology, archeology, mythology, liturgics, and cooking. Extra-curricular activities would be confined to two: the care and feeding of a domestic animal and the cultivation of a garden plot producing tomatoes and beans and not symbols.

WRITING on grand opera, Auden speaks as a technician who knows from successful collaboration what he is talking about, and as a devotee who makes the most intransigently absurd situations of the great Italians seem esthetically plausible. Writing of the American scene, he speaks as a convert to the American way who nevertheless does not overlook "the unspeakable jukeboxes, the horrible Rockettes and the insane salads" or "the anonymous countryside littered with heterogeneous *dreck* and the synonymous cities besotted with electric signs." Writing of Iago and Falstaff, he delineates these resonant fictions with electric flashes of insight, without ever confusing their human nature with their endowed artifice. One becomes convinced that Shakespeare himself would hardly wait to turn the page to see what happens next, to find out what, in terms of modern psychology and from the perspective of the age of anxiety, it all means.

To those capable of taking pleasure from an articulate mind of the very first order, to respond equally to its nimble movements, its uncompromised commitment to meaning and value, and even its beautiful austerities, this is a book in a thousand.

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More About Ross

"Credos and Curios," by James Thurber *(Harper & Row. 180 pp. $3.95), is a posthumous collection of the late humorist's sketches, stories, and tributes to colleagues. Sydney J. Harris writes a syndicated column for the Chicago Daily News.*

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

IT IS a curious literary fact that most readers either grossly underestimate or wildly overestimate the value of humorists. The first group—a dull and cloddish lot, it must be admitted—look upon the humorist as just a "funny man," on a par with the vaudeville quipster or the seal who can play the xylophone with his flippers. They miss whatever is profound, mystical, or bitterly trenchant beneath the ripples and bubbles and the froth.

But the latter are just as extravagantly wrong in their adulation of the humorist. The overestimators – and many Thurber devotees must be placed in this class—regard the humorist as an apocalyptic figure, brimming with significance, bursting with truths too painful to be uttered soberly. They are the s who find the Fool the true protagonist of "King Lear."

James Thurber was one of the half-dozen finest humorists this country has produced in the twentieth century. Both his obvious gifts and his equally obvious limitations are displayed in "Credos and Curios," a group of twenty-one hitherto uncollected pieces gathered together by his widow, who also contributes a brief, tasteful, and unpretentious foreword to the anthology.

This, however, is not the collection that Thurber will be best remembered by. It is extremely uneven in quality: parts of it are querulous, parts are excessively nostalgic, and a vein of old-fogeyism seems to run through many of the reflections on modern times, modern plays, modern humor. Thurber's humor largely deserted him when viewing his own field.

At least half a dozen of the pieces, however, make the book worthwhile. A short story called "The Other Room" is a wistful and moving evocation of late middle age; "Look Out for the Thing" is a crisp and pungent warning of the McCarthyist mania that was sweeping over America; and another story, "Brother Endicott," neatly dissects a company of overgrown American collegians in Paris.

In the profiles of his friends and colleagues—Ross, White, Benchley, Nu-

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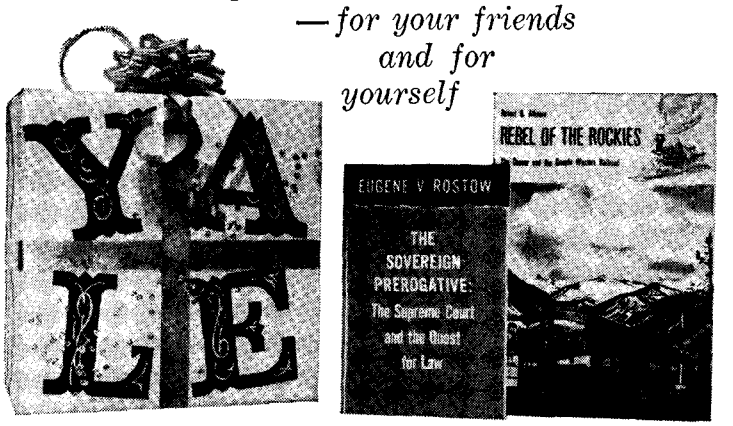

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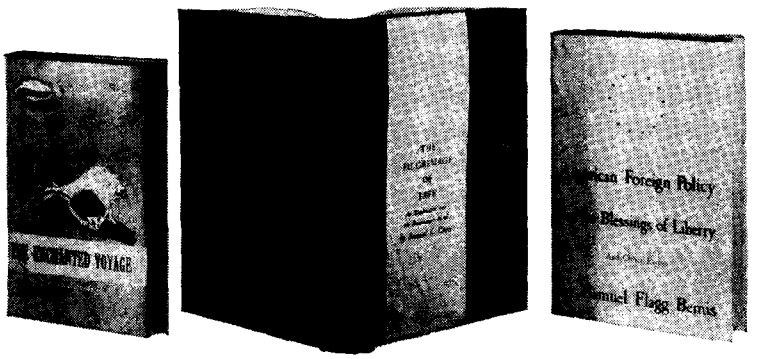

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gent, McNulty—Thurber is amiable, amusing, generous, and superficial. These are all Characters, not human beings, and one cannot possibly know what they are really like after reading Thurber's estimates. Possibly his lifelong aversion toward anything resembling a Freudian approach to personality severely limited his diagnostic powers. He is devastating with the people he dislikes, but largely uncomprehending about the ones he is fond of —an endearing trait in a friend, but a crippling one in a writer.

Like most humorists, beginning with Aristophanes, James Thurber was a conservative *au fond*: suspicious of any new trends in humor, condemning the "sick" comics (some of whom are the most radical critics of the social order), and looking away biliously from such phenomena as the anti-play and the savage mockery of *Mad* magazine. It is this deeply ingrained conservatism, which came more and more to the surface in his later years, that gives so much of this book a strangely old-fashioned air. "Credos and Curios" is a most apt title for this collection.

John Gunther

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Anthologies

Continued from page 44

"Kathasaritsagara" ("Ocean of Stories"). The original is in sophisticated verse; Mr. Naravane's prose retellings are no better than the straightforward (and much more accurate) translations in J. A. B. Van Buitenen's "Tales of Ancient India."

But Mr. Naravane handles that magnificent collection "The Panchatantra" with rare felicity. He does Dandin's seventh-century "Dashakumaracharita" ("Adventures of the Ten Princes") with zest; the distinctly secular stories come across with a wonderful flavor, often reminding me of M. Anantanarayanan's 1961 novel, "The Silver Pilgrimage."

> As I was about to relax, a hideous ghost emerged from the pool and stood before me. "Who are you?" thundered the ghost. "Where do you come from?" I replied nonchalantly, "My dear Sir, I am a Brahmin and I have been traveling. I passed from an enemy's hand into the sea, from the sea into a Greek ship, from the Greek ship into a storm and from the storm to this delightful mountain. At the moment I am proposing to rest by the side of this pool, and I offer you my greetings."

Banabhatta's unfinished and incredibly complex "Kadambari" (seventh century), quite likely a conscious redoing of "Vasavadatta," is three-dimensional and, in Mr. Naravane's hands, often dazzling, glowing with a vivid sense of the world and of the people and things God has seen fit to place in it.

Something more should be said of Mr. Naravane's method; two brief examples must be sufficient. In one of Dandin's stories - within - a - story, the original describes a ripe young lady in terms that far surpass the "Song of Songs" for erotic particularity. But Naravane's otherwise charming retelling reports only that the young man "was also attracted by her appearance."

However, in that gem of gems, "The Panchatantra," the retelling has a jackal-courtier say to his lion-king, as he approaches the throne after a long absence:

> "Sir, we are the ancestral servants of your dynasty. In times of need we come forward. Even a straw may serve a king to scratch an ear or pick a tooth. But when speech and action are required the king has to count upon his loyal followers. I may be a mere jackal but you will not despise me for that. Silk comes from worms, gold from stones, gems from hoods of snakes, and the lotus thrives in mud."

Mr. Naravane's ebullience makes for a brilliant condensation; here, he easily outshines the excellent and standard complete translation by Arthur W. Ryder. This is a method which, at its best, offers its own justification; the good parts of "Stories from the Ir ı Classics" (roughly one-half of the ume) are very good indeed.

Mr. Sadhu's book cannot be taken seriously. If it is cruel to lampoon a foreigner's clumsy, ungrammatical, and frequently hilarious English, it strikes me as extremely poor judgment to label that same stumbling ineptitude "literature" and foist it on the reading public. Mr. Sadhu is utterly incompetent for his chosen task. "Folk Tales from Kashmir" is completely unreadable. The first paragraph of the sixth tale, "The Inauspicious Bride," makes the point beautifully; in quoting from it not a comma has been changed.

> There was a village at the foot of the mountains. It comprised a few shanties built of rough-hewn logs of wood notched together to keep them in place. The structure of shanties at once told every stranger that a forest was very close and, in fact, it was so. A stream flowed at a short distance from this habitation. The stream was neither so turbulent as to deserve the somewhat awe-inspiring name of a mountain torrent, nor so tame as to suffer being used for navigation. When the new snows melted in early summer after a pommelling from cessant rain in April, the stream ı usually in spate and hundreds of logs and wooden sleepers floated down to centres of value for marketing timber. During this season there was considerable activity up and down the rivulet of people concerned with the lumbering business. They were engaged in felling, clearing away and floating down any logs that got stranded, and sometimes made a little fortune by disposing of a log to needy buyers for practically no more than a song.

—From "Folk Tales from Kashmir."

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The West Went Wild

***"The Southwest in Life and Literature," edited by C. L. Sonnichsen** (Devin-Adair. 554 pp. $7.50), excerpts the works of forty-three authors who interpreted a wild and dramatic section of our country. Brian Wynne Garfield wrote "The Arizonans" and other books.*

By BRIAN WYNNE GARFIELD

WHEN our forebears moved West across North America, they carried with them the legacy of thousands of years of accumulated European civilization, of refinement, sensibility, respect for justice and law. In less than a generation they discarded that legacy and regressed by several cultural millennia.

Why did the West turn wild?

A good introduction to some of the last half-century's best writing on the Old West, wild and otherwise, is "The Southwest in Life and Literature," edited by C. L. Sonnichsen. Taking us across the great Southwest, through the years of Indians and Conquistadores and Anglo-Saxon exploration and settlement, it gives us not a survey but representative sampling of feelings ard the Southwest as interpreted by the better authors who have turned their attention toward it. Indian, Spaniard, Mexican, Anglo-Saxon; trader, mountain man, cowboy, badman, lawman—all are included in this panorama of sketches excerpted from the works of forty-three highly regarded authors, among them Elliott Arnold, J. Frank Dobie, Edna Ferber, Paul Horgan, Oliver La Farge, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Conrad Richter, and Paul I. Wellman.

Mr. Sonnichsen's anthology strikes a note of freshness. It is neither the banal collection of badman articles nor a typical grouping of stories. Instead, it presents essays, excerpts from novels and books by the most literate of the Southwest's chroniclers.

Their answers to the question of the region's wildness range from Erna Fergusson's theory—"Such a country, inscrutable, unconquerable, and like nothing his kind had ever seen before, naturally affected the man who dared to face it"—to an observation by J. Evetts Haley: "The South had long produced its men of high honor and petulant humor. The degradation of at and military subservience during Reconstruction fanned their fury to continued individual rebellion." Mr. Sonnichsen wisely adds the warning that all in the old Southwest was not precisely as television would have us

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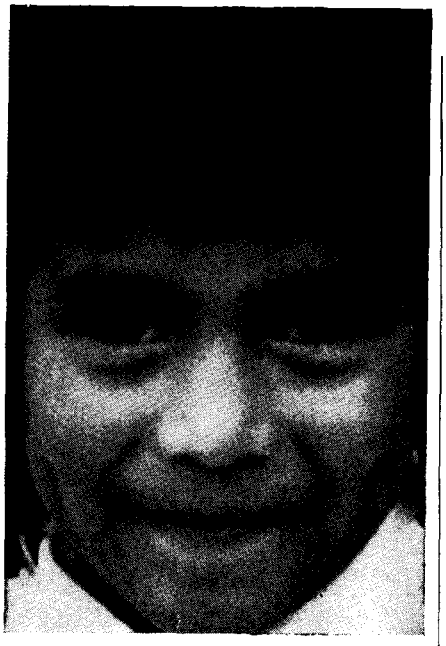

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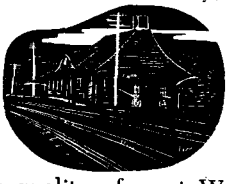
believe. Nonetheless, it was a land of violence—topographic, climatic, and social.

And in violence lies drama. The dramatic potentialities of Southwestern history have been exploited in unprecedented volume by fictioneers; but, perhaps because of the great amount of natural drama inherent in the background, writers have not added enough to make their work into something of lasting value. Sonnichsen points this out, adding: "The literature of contemplation is still to come, but, as Mr. Dobie said long ago, no one can doubt that we have had a tremendous amount of life here, and that is the beginning of literature." Until recently, however,



the poor quality of most Western fiction has put a stigma on it all.

Fortunately, now and then such a work as the present one appears. Its editor is respected both by his colleagues as a historian and by the public as an eminently readable, good-humored, and factually reliable writer. Without undue sentimentality or romanticizing, his book succeeds in conveying a moving sense of the traditions and distinctions that make the Southwest a land of richness and pride.

Art

Continued from page 46

(the New York *Times* of its day), he was one of those young painters who "take canvas, paints, and brushes, splash a few daubs of color about, and sign the results . . . a horrible spectacle of vanity . . . no real intelligence could be guilty of such excesses . . . a mass of rotting flesh with violet-toned green spots all over it, indicating a corpse in the last stages of decay. . . ."

One could quote Jean Renoir's book forever. A major document, it is a work of art itself because it captures an identity. François Fosca's book, on the other hand, has the intellectual texture of a thriftily commissioned job by a minor professor who can be counted on to do some homework around which can be draped overly bright gravure color reproductions. The author does his best. He quotes and requotes, chewing old sections of George Moore, Vollard, Rivière, André, etc. He rewrites contemporary research from Rewald to Douglas Cooper. The result is art-book production at its dreariest.

Renoir said of Vollard's gossipy book about him: "If it amuses him, I can't see any harm in it . . . especially as no one will read it." Jean Renoir adds that this was a mistaken judgment. It could have been a brilliant prophecy about Professor Fosca's effort.

Choosing a Homesite

By Philip Booth

IF possible, choose a lot
not already surveyed
for next fall's Thruway, not

this spring to be conveyed
to the Commissioner of Parks,
or on the Instrument

Approach of Mach-3 jets
(although your own rights
will be, always, defended

in any case of Eminent
Domain, or Public Works),
when the next runway is extended.

Since conscience might, of course,
commit you to a new State
Asylum, you could do worse,

in truth, than finance a lot
in some strategically optioned, still-
to-be-paved, development: a last

choice, yes; but zoned, green,
and NO CASH DOWN
for paraplegic veterans. Prices

are high, but consider the cost
of moving up: say to a hill-
top thick with scanning devices.

Big fields are good, but beware
the silo housing a hybrid
missile. Search your deed,

if you choose the coast, for sub pens
under your frontage. A lot
will depend, too, on what happens

overhead. The apple valleys,
upstate, are heavy with millicuries.
If you bear children, share

your mortgage with them: they,
or their children, will have to pay
if real estate booms. Whatever
homesite

you choose, you'll be taxed to
play hero.
Now that the bombsight is obsolete,
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Continued from page 38

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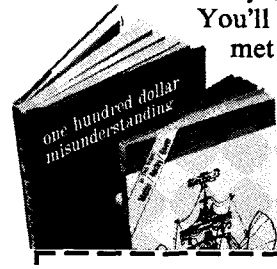

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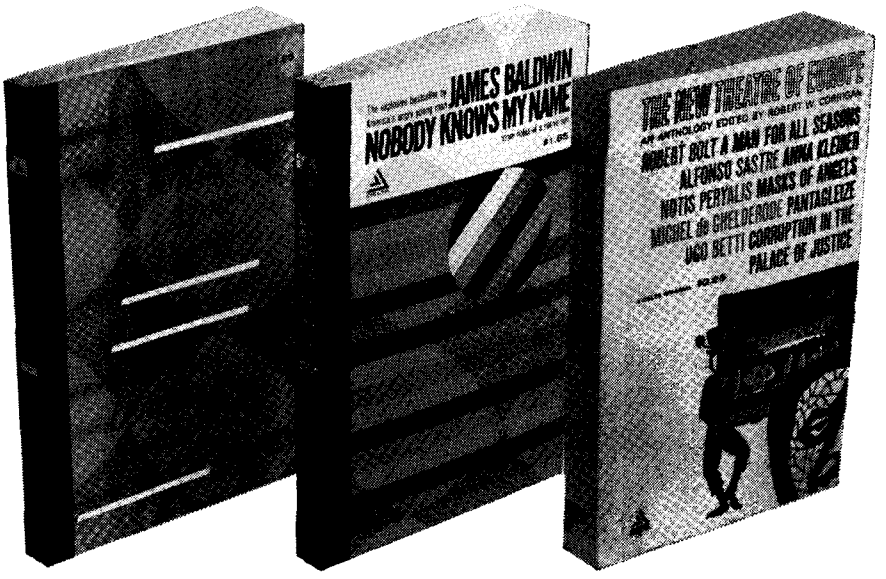
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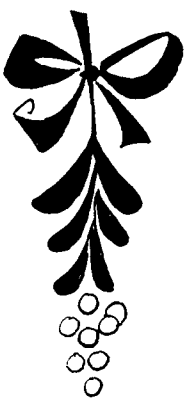


Literary Sampler

Continued from page 39

drink. By the side of this spring, Apollo built a temple and a shrine for the whole Greek world.

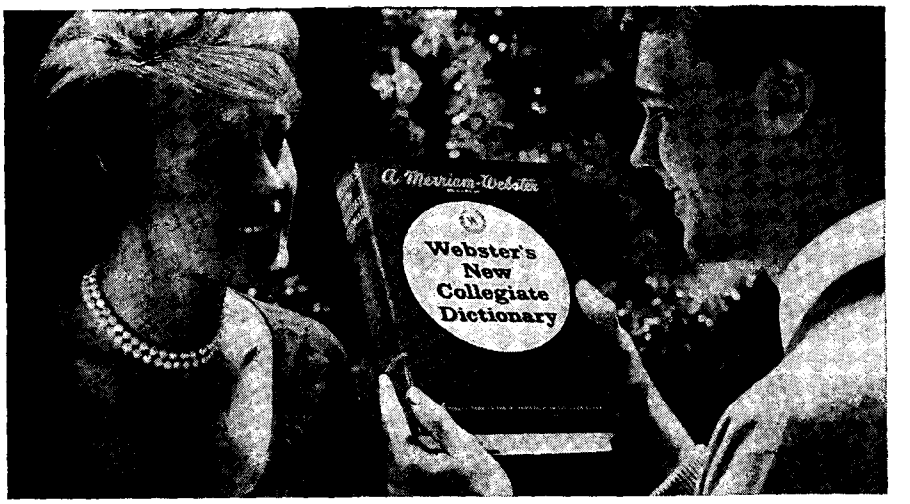
High up on the mountain the pure Castalian spring still bubbles from its gorge. There on the left begins a flowery crescent slope, terraced with the floors of many vanished temples. Even the great temple of Apollo himself is only a broad marble shelf these days—awash with sunlight—sprouting a few tremendous columns. Above the ruins soar two mighty cliffs, hollowed like your hands when you drink from them. In the violet abyss at your fingertips, great eagles swing like toys. You feel lightheaded and yet in control, like a diver on his way down. The almond blossoms shake like tambourines, songbirds converge from below.

—From "Earth, Air, Fire and Water," by Alexander Eliot (Simon & Schuster).

Ballad of Beacon Street

IN THAT horse era snow was a blessing rather than a curse. Every vehicle went on runners. The hacks were replaced by "boobys," covered sleighs with coachlike bodies, cozily lined with red plush or silk. Wealthy people had open two-horse sleighs with fur-clad coachmen and footmen on the box. Suburban sports drove in town in one-horse "cutters," racing each other along Beacon Street. Trucks and delivery wagons became one- and two-horse "pungs," a Novanglicism which the Oxford Dictionary of American English tells me is remotely derived from "toboggan." Pungs as well as sleighs were the vehicles of the small-boy sport of punging, indulged in during school recesses or on winter afternoons. You ran after the sleigh, placed your feet on a runner and held on, enjoying the thrill of what seemed superlatively rapid transit. Boys who failed to catch the sleigh shouted "Cut, cut behind!" which was an invitation to the coachman or driver to wrap his whip about you; but they seldom did. Beacon Street, during recess from Mr. Noble's school, was the scene of rapid punging to and fro. The high, ever memorable moment came when Dave Webster, later a distinguished physicist, caught an open hearse, and grinned at us defiantly over the coffin.

—From "One Boy's Boston: 1887-1901," by Samuel Eliot Morison (Houghton Mifflin).



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Recital by Berganza—Simionato, Scovotti—"Lelio"

THE connotations of "Spanish singer" associated with such performers as Bori, Supervia, and, more recently, Victoria de los Angeles were not belied by Teresa Berganza at her first New York recital in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The young mezzo, who was heard last winter in a concert version of "Cenerentola" and will soon be heard again in "L'Italiana in Algeri," ranged through a program that was as productive of present pleasure as it was hopeful of things to come.

Few of her contemporaries would undertake, as greeting and introduction, so taxing a sequence as Alessandro Scarlatti's "Elitropio d'amor," an excerpt from Cherubini's "Demophon," the aria de Martia from Pergolesi's "Catone," and—relatively familiar—"Lascia ch'io pianga" from Handel's "Rinaldo," but each in its way was preparatory for the radiant performance of Rossini's "Non piu mesta" ("Cenerentola"), which climaxed this part of the program. The gradual opening out of the voice was, in a matter of minutes, a preview of what may happen on a larger scale in years as Miss Berganza matures to add weight and breadth to an art that is already (in her late twenties) remarkable for its nuance, flexibility, and finesse.

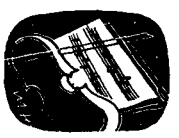
En route to the Spanish specialties of Granados ("Tonadillas"), Montsalvatge, and Falla (four of the "Siete canciones populares"), for which she has an understandably acute appreciation, Miss Berganza interpolated a group of Fauré and Debussy. Each ("Fleur jetée" and "Au bord de l'eau" of the former, and the latter's "Romance," "Les cloches," and "Noel des enfants") had its whiff of fragrance, a breath of charm, but the balance of the program suffered for want, here, of something more consecutive of sustained mood and impact. The excellent pianist was her husband, Felix Lavilla.

Even in the opera house, stature may be very much a relative matter, as Giulietta Simionato demonstrated in her welcome return as Santuzza in "Cavalleria" after a season's absence. Not much more than five feet in the highest heels she can wear with safety, in artistry Miss Simionato towers over most Santuzzas of recent memory, a blazing concentration of venom and hatred, shame and remorse, exuding a tempest of emotion barely contained within Mascagni's musical expression. So much energy may cause a Turiddu either to flame or to flinch, and if William Olvis did not quite flame, he did not flinch either. Short as his Turiddu was of what it might be, he is nevertheless making progress toward getting the most from his good vocal potentialities. The Alfio this time was Walter Cassel with Margaret Roggero as Lola and Lili Chookasian as Mama Lucia. For those who dote on operatic keepsakes, Simionato's Santuzza is in itself worth the price of any "Cavalleria."

Another young American soprano proved herself worthy of the Metropolitan's stage when Jeanette Scovotti made her debut as Adele in "Fledermaus." Such a role may conceal rather than promote judgment of a singer's capacities, but Miss Scovotti's clear, well-centered sound was mated with the kind of comic touch the Kanin-Dietz version requires. Indeed, with John Alexander performing a capable Eisenstein and Elisabeth Soederstroem as Rosalinda increasingly at ease in the English text, the evening had somewhat more cohesion than the last time "Fledermaus" was seen. More drive, still, from the conductor, Silvio Varviso, would be welcome.

ALSO of vocal note was the first local hearing for Mario del Monaco since fall, 1958. This was not in the opera house, but in Carnegie Hall where the tenor's followers preceded his first sound with a roaring welcome that echoed through the evening. His first response was "Giulietta! son io" from Zandonai's version of the affair at Verona, whose opportunities to emote were all that Del Monaco needed to demonstrate that he is still peerless in power. Off and on during the program the stage was occupied by Gabriella Tucci, whose quiet beginning with "Ebben ne andro l'ontana" from Catalani's "Wally" led to something more crowd-pleasing in the duet from Act I of "Otello." There were other solos, and orchestral matter performed under the direction of Anton Guadagno by an ensemble that outdid all considerations of size in the volume of sound it produced.

William Steinberg performed a service much above the call of symphonic duty in bringing from the other side of the Alleghenies the personnel required to perform Berlioz's "Lelio" at his recent Carnegie Hall concert with the Pittsburgh Symphony. Though a recheck of evidence disproved the contention that this was the work's first performance in New York (a predecessor was given at City College a year or so ago), it was unsurpassable in fidelity to the composer's wishes. This called for its performance as sequel to the "Symphonie Fantastique" which properly began the evening.



AS a sequel implies something in the mold of its predecessor, "Lelio" should perhaps be better described as a counterpart or consequence of the "Fantastique." It might be termed an esthetic cliff-hanger, in which the composer (impersonated by an actor) awakens from his supposed demise (in the "March to the Gallows" which concludes the symphony) as from a magnificently bad dream. He then goes on to expound various phases of the condition (now, probably, to be called psychotic) which produced the "Fantastique." The means to this end are a Goethe ballad set to music à la Schubert, a chorus of the shades prompted by thoughts of Hamlet (here the chorus joins the orchestra), and other matters culminating in a final fantasia on Shakespeare's "Tempest."

Wild, extravagant, improbable, "Lelio" is nevertheless another insight into the fevered imagination of a composer whose unvarying impulse was innovation and whose artistic capacity measured to his impulse more often than not. The music of "Lelio" (much of it drawn from earlier works) does not hold the proverbial candle to the blinding light of the "Fantastique." It does, however, inhabit a world of the fantastic quite its own.

The simple but effective staging (mostly lights up or lights down) by Henry Boetcher enhanced the action of Claude Woolman, whose good figure, wig, and period dress made his Composer a reasonable likeness of Berlioz. He also delivered the narration with sense and poise. The musical requirements other than orchestral were well satisfied by Walter Carringer, tenor, Paul Ukena, bass-baritone, and the combined choruses of Carnegie Institute and Duquesne University, the latter producing more and better sound than nonprofessional groups usually command. It should not be left unnoted that this was a considerable feat of improvisational program-making to replace the scheduled "Lied von der Erde," with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, which had to be cancelled a few weeks ago when the baritone's illness prevented him from coming to America.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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A Real Nice "Carousel"

WHEN it was new in April, 1945, "Carousel" struck some as the happiest kind of collaboration imaginable for Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers. Now that the collaboration has gone into history, fifteen years and seven shows later, the retrospective evidence is that with all respect for the qualities of "South Pacific," "The King and I," "Flower Drum Song," and "The Sound of Music," "Carousel" was not only the happiest of their collaborations but the one by which all those to come were generated.

Some, of course, might backdate that "generation" to "Oklahoma," which preceded it by two years and brought the creators together for the first time, but they were there still breaking the new ground which they tilled with such fertile results later on. Riotous as it is in its succession of literary ideas and the spirit with which they were mated by Rodgers with the music that seemed predestined for them, "Oklahoma!" was, perhaps, the last in the line of a great many predecessors rather than the first of something new. In "Carousel," Hammerstein's verses flowered with a new range of imagery which came to be well-trod territory for him as time went on. And so far as music is concerned, Rodgers never wrote truer or better or more ambitiously. I put the last quality at the end because mere aspiration is no guarantee of worth. It is only when it is mated with the inspiration of "Carousel" that the miraculous kind of fresh thing comes into being.

The cause for these thoughts (to make a mystery of it no longer) is a compelling reminder of the musical delights of "Carousel" (Command RS 843 SD $5.98-St.; $4.98-Mo., which provides it with the best complement of singers it has ever had on a recording: Roberta Peters, Lee Venora, and Claramae Turner for the female voices, Alfred Drake, Norman Treigle, and Jon Crain for the male. Presiding over the whole, musically, is Jay Blackton, who barely needs any introduction to followers of Rodgers and Hammerstein, but who may be found in his earlier guise of Jacob Schwartzdorf as far back as the opening-night program of "Oklahoma!" in 1943.

There is the abiding peril in recruiting such singers of operatic background as Mmes. Peters, Venora, and Turner and Messrs. Treigle and Crain for such purposes as these that the manners cultivated for the *i*-composers (Verdi, Puccini, Rossini, Donizetti, etc.) may be a shade too much of the indoor party kind for the frank, fresh, out-of-doors atmosphere of "When I Marry Mr. Snow," "A Real Nice Clambake," "What's the Use of Wondrin'?" and the rest. But it is clear that they belong to the new breed of American singer which has been developing in the last two decades or so, one as much at home in one idiom as the other.

Which is, after all, not in the least untraditional. Richard Tauber, certainly, was as fine a singer of Mozart as he was of Lehar (some would even invert the emphasis), as his partner-in-Lehar, Vera Schwarz, was in her operatic specialties. John Charles Thomas was a celebrity of the operetta world before he took his ambitions to the Theatre Monnaie in Brussels, as was Edward Johnson in his very young days. The matter, really, is simply this: Does the lighter kind of music justify the heavier kind of vocal equipment? In "Carousel," above all the other collaborations of Rodgers and Hammerstein, the answer is a resounding yes.

Fortunately for Hammerstein's colloquial lyrics, the slurs and elisions of the Down East vernacular have their place in the new mingling of words and music, without being the self-consciously synthetic kind of "kin" for "can" and "feller" for "fellow" which can be as trying as anything else self-consciously synthetic. For my taste, the effect is not so thickly laid on as it was in the recordings of the "original" and the film, with that much more pleasure to the ear.

Of course, there will be those who will now discover that Miss Peters, as well as being the owner of a pure, well-placed soprano, is a charming performer in her own language—"for an operatic singer." The "discoverers" will not include those who have been applauding her Adele or her Despina in the Metropolitan's English-language productions of "Fledermaus" and "Cosi" during the last decade. It is hard to imagine "Mr. Snow" sung with more grace or charm, or "What's the Use of Wondrin'?" related with more conviction. Miss Venora (well known to the City Center public) is a delightful second to her in "Mr. Snow" as she is also to Crain in "When the Children are Asleep." It is doubtful that "Blow High Blow Low" and "Stonecutters" have ever been sung better than they are by Norman Treigle, the best Metropolitan-quality bass not singing at the Metropolitan. Only Miss Turner lags below their level; she doesn't have the vocal freedom for "June Is Bustin' Out All Over" that she possessed for the film of 1956. "You'll Never Walk Alone" fares better.

The silence to this point shrouding the effort of Drake is no build-up to a letdown. He is, of course, the one true operetta-indoctrinated performer in this group, and as such barely needs a bill of qualifications to vouch for his suitability. I don't know how long Drake has been nurturing a desire to record Billy Bigelow's "Soliloquy" (probably since the show opened in April, 1945) but the result is not only the performance of his life, but also of its. Drake's superb enunciation as well as his still pliable voice are the means of a re-creation which merits the simple word: great.

As a measure of planning, the combination of talents brought together for this "Carousel" commend Command as satisfied with nothing but excellence. As to the realization, it improves on any prior product of its quality-conscious Enoch Light in the luminous, open, intensely musical sound in which it is bathed. —I.K.

Alfred Drake and Roberta Peters—a peril overcome.

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For Young Listeners: Christmas '62

AMONG the array of recordings of children's television programs and musical comedy adaptations of children's classics produced in the current year, there emerge some excellent records for young people. Most record companies seem to recognize that young people can enjoy selected, quality adult recordings of classical music, and there are fewer watered down, inferior versions of the masters dressed up in fancy wrappings. Outstanding is an unusual presentation of classical music in the Capitol series, entitled "Melodies of the Masters" (Capitol SA8563-SA8569). Under such captions as "Music of Romance," "Mysteries of the Night," "Portrait of the Waltz," etc., illustrative themes from the masters, taken from recordings of first-rank orchestras, have been brought together. There is no commentary in the recording, but short notes on the composer and the composition are printed on the record cover. This is an imaginative combination which is pleasant listening and could whet the appetite for hearing more of the compositions from which the excerpts came.

It is a moot point whether the story of the life of a composer helps to give children an appreciation of music. To date, many of these attempts have been neither very exciting stories nor very good music. However, Wonderland has a series under the title "Young People's Introduction to—." So far the records cover the life and works of Beethoven (1466), Brahms (1483), Chopin (1480), Liszt (1479), Mendelssohn (1481), Mozart (1477), Schubert (1482), and Tchaikovsky (1478). Joseph Machlis has written an interesting and sympathetic script for each. He indicates the emotional impact of the events taking place in the life of the composer which influenced the creation of a particular piece. The narration is skilfully rendered by Norman Rose. Talk seldom is heard while the music is being played, but, when it is, the comments are brief and well modulated so as not to interfere with the music. These records would certainly add a new dimension of understanding to the increasingly large number of young people who are studying music at home and in school.

This year the "talking books" fall into many categories. There are, of course, those that are musical compositions (with words) which tell a story

Music With and Without Comment

A Young People's Introduction to	Written by Joseph Machlis Narrated by Norman Rose	
Beethoven		Wonderland 1466
Brahms		Wonderland 1483
Chopin		Wonderland 1480
Liszt		Wonderland 1479
Mendelssohn		Wonderland 1481
Mozart		Wonderland 1477
Schubert		Wonderland 1482
Tchaikovsky		Wonderland 1478
Adventures in Music	National Symphony Orchestra Conducted by Howard Mitchell Guide edited by Gladys and Eleanor Tipton	RCA Victor Le 1003 Le 1005 Le 1007
Music of Romance	Melodies of the Masters	Capitol SA 8563
Rhythms of Spain	" "	Capitol SA 8564
Dances of the World	" "	Capitol SA 8565
Portrait of the Waltz	" "	Capitol SA 8566
Mysteries of the Night	" "	Capitol SA 8567
Music of Reflection	" "	Capitol SA 8568
Music of Imagination	" "	Capitol SA 8569

Stories With or Without Music

Tales of Hans Christian Andersen and Rudyard Kipling	Read by Lucy Rowan Background Music by Robert Mann Played by Lyric Trio	Bartok 928
I Met a Man	As written and told by the author John Ciardi	Pathway of Sound 1031
***Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame**	Vol. I Read by Robert Brooks Vol. II Read by Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn Vol. III Read by Hume Cronyn Vol. IV Read by Jessica Tandy	Pathway of Sound 1022 Pathway of Sound 1026 Pathway of Sound 1030
Magic World of Circuses and Clowns	Narrator, Robert Q. Lewis Music by Hans Sylvern	Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Ch 108
How to tell Corn Fairies When You See 'Em and Other Rootabaga Stories	Read by Carl Sandburg	Caedmon TC 1159
Carl Sandburg's Poems for Children	Read by the author	Caedmon TC 1124
Elephant's Child, Kipling Walrus and the Carpenter and Hunting of the Snark, Lewis Carroll	Read by Carl de Suze	Pathways of Sound P.O.S. 1021
Derry Down Derry	Reading by Lesley Frost of the poems by Robert Frost	Folkways Fl 9733
Sneetches and other Stories by Dr. Seuss	Told by Marvin Miller	RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2454
Alice in Wonderland (Special illustrated edition)	Read by Cyril Ritchard Music by Alex Wilder Played by New York Woodwind Quintet	Wonderland 2406
Saint Saens: Carnival of the Animals **Britten: Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra**	Leonard Bernstein, New York Philharmonic Narrated by Mr. Bernstein Narrated by Master Henry Chapin	Columbia, MS 6368 ML 5768
Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf **George Kleinsinger: Tubby the Tuba**	Leopold Stokowski Narrator, Basil Rathbone Victor Jory Orchestra Conducted by Leon Barzin Story by Paul Tripp	Columbia CI671
Ghost Stories for Young People	Presented by Alfred Hitchcock Written and narrated by John Allen	Golden LP 89
Piccoli by Phillipp Halsman	Read by Siobhan McKenna	Great Artists 732
Grimm's Fairy Tales	Read by Joseph Schildkraut	Caedmon 1062
The Story of Big Red	Presented by Walt Disney	Disneyland St 1916
An Introduction to the Instruments of the Orchestra	Record illustrated with book Text by Jane Bunch	Golden 00006

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Exposition

A Child's Introduction to the Automobile and the Airplane	Written and narrated by Barrett Clark	Wonderland 3401
A Child's Introduction to Atomic Energy and Outer Space	Written and narrated by Barrett Clark	Wonderland 3402
A Child's Introduction to Sex	Dr. Milton I. Levine and Melba Rae	Wonderland 1459

Ballads for the Age of Science

Space Songs **Energy and Motion Songs** **Weather Songs**	Lyrics and Text by Hy Zaret, Music by Lou Singer Rendered by Tom Glazer and Dottie Evans, Tony Mottola Orchestra	Motivation Records 0312 Motivation Records 0314 Motivation Records 0322
Activity and Experiment Songs	Lyrics and Text by Hy Zaret, Music by Lou Singer Rendered by Dorothy Collins and Adam Tony Mottola Orchestra	Motivation Records 0316
Nature Songs **More Nature Songs**	Lyrics and Text by Hy Zaret, Music by Lou Singer Rendered by Marais and Miranda, Orchestration by Joseph Marais	Motivation Records 0318 Motivation Records 0320

For Younger Children

The Three Little Pigs and other Fairy Tales	Read by Boris Karloff	Caedmon TC 1129
Winnie the Pooh and Christopher Robin	Written by A. A. Milne Sung by Frank Luther Music by Fraser-Simson	Decca DL 4203
Mother Goose Sing-Along	Betty Martins and Donald Dame, with Orchestra Conducted by Curtis Biever and Alexander Cores	MGM Ch 101
Magic World of Circuses and Clowns	Robert Q. Lewis Music by Hank Sylvern	MGM Ch 108
Alec Templeton Plays and Sings Mother Goose	Special edition with Kate Greenaway illustrations	Wonderland RLP 2409
Tale of Peter Rabbit by Beatrix Potter Illustrated Text	Told by Vivien Leigh with original text Music by Cyril Ornadel Orchestra conducted by Cyril Ornadel	Wonderland 2434
Tale of Benjamin Bunny by Beatrix Potter Illustrated Text	Told by Vivien Leigh with original text Music by Cyril Ornadel Orchestra conducted by Cyril Ornadel	Wonderland 2457

Christmas and Religious Music

Christmas with Rita Ford's Music Boxes		Epic S BN 26022 Epic M LN 24022
Christmas Songs	Obernkirchen Children's Choir	Angel 35914
Christmas Carols	Sung by Marian Anderson Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Russell Bennett Franz Rupp, Pianist	RCA Victor LM 2613
The First Christmas	Narrated by Dame Edith Evans with 19 Christmas Carols sung by four Choral Groups	Wonderland 1469
Bible Stories for Children	Told by Arlene Francis Music by Bill Simon	MGM Ch 107
Child's Introduction to Sunday School Hymns	Collegiate Chorale Mark Orton, Conductor	Wonderland 2444
Bible Stories for Children	Written by Gillette French Narrated by Bud Collyer Music from Regina Music Boxes	Columbia HL 9532

Folk and Popular Music

Tom Glazer's Second Concert for and with Children	Tom Glazer	Wonderland 1467
Square Dance Party	with Gordon Terry Al Gottlieb, caller	Victor LPM/LSP 2530
A Child's Introduction to Square Dancing (Illustrated booklet)	Piute Pete and Freedomland Band	Wonderland 2463
Same as above without booklet		Wonderland 1463
Songs in Spanish for Children **Folio with Spanish Lyrics and a vocabulary guide**	Sung by Martita, Jesus de Columbis Jerez, Juan Rojas Conducted by Fred Mendez	Columbia CS 8697 CL 1897
Wandering with the Obernkirchen Children's Choir	Sung in German and English	Angel 35839

(*Continued on page* 62)

such as "Peter and the Wolf" and "The Carnival of the Animals." A new edition of "Carnival of the Animals" narrated and conducted by Leonard Bernstein, with Britten's "Young People's Guide to the Orchestra" conducted by Mr. Bernstein and narrated by young Master Henry Chapin, would be a welcome addition to any music library (Columbia MS 6368).

Another group of records consists of stories and poems. They may or may not have music, but when they do, it is used for background or to create a mood and does not dominate or obscure the reading.

"Pathways of Sound" is maintaining its previous high standard in this field. An additional record from Kenneth Graham's "Wind in the Willows" contains "Toad's Adventure," (V.III) read by Hume Cronyn, and "Further Adventures of Toad," (V.IV) read by Jessica Tandy (POS 1030). Another of their records has John Ciardi reading and commenting on his own poems for children. Ciardi's humor, his understanding of children, combined with his pleasing diction, makes this delightful listening for all ages ("I Met a Man," POS 1031).

The Caedmon readings are always of high quality and offer material of permanent value. Boris Karloff has done additional selections from Kipling's "Just So Stories" (TC 1139). The slightly younger age group will enjoy his vivid style of recounting some of the perennial favorites under the title "Three Little Pigs and Other Fairy Tales" (TC 1129). Carl Sandburg has added another volume to the reading of his "Poems for Children." His "How to Tell Corn Fairies When You See 'Em, and Other *Rootabaga* Stories" (TC 1159) will delight children from six to sixty.

The poems of Robert Frost with a commentary on his life and the background against which the poems were written is presented by Lesley Frost, daughter of the poet. The material deserves a better sound track (FI 9733). A collection of tales from Hans Christian Andersen and Rudyard Kipling is well told by Lucy Rowan and has pleasing background music composed by Robert Mann and played by the Lyric Trio (Bartok 928). In a very different vein is "Ghost Stories for Young People," written and narrated by John Allen and presented by Alfred Hitchcock in his inimitable style (Golden LP 89).

Cyril Ritchard's reading from "Alice in Wonderland" is not enhanced by the poor illustrations that appear in this year's edition. On the other hand, the younger listener will enjoy the illustrated edition of the Peter Rabbit series

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Through Children's Eyes	The Limeliters	Victor LSP 2512
Shirley Temple Song Book	Original Film and Sound Tracks	Twentieth Century Fox TCF 103-2
Many Moods of Harry Belafonte	Harry Belafonte	RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2574
Peter Paul and Mary	Folk Singers	Warner Bros. 1449
Bravo Bikel	Theodore Bikel's Town Hall Concert	Elektra EKL 175
Jewish Folk Songs	Theodore Bikel	Elektra EKL 132
Folk Songs from Just About Everywhere	Theodore Bikel and Guela Gill	Elektra EKL 161
Joan Baez	Vol. I	Vanguard VRS 9078
	Vol. II	VRD 2077 VRS 9094 VRD 2097
Jackie Sings the Blues	Jackie Wilson	Brunswick 54055 754055
Pop Round Up (Era of the Old West)	Boston Pops Arthur Fiedler	Victor LM/LSC 2595
A Taste of Honey	Martin Denny	Liberty LPR 3237
Breakfast at Tiffany's	Henry Mancini	RCA Victor LPM/LSP 2362
Stop the World I Want to Get Off; Oliver	Mantovani	London PS 270 LL 3270

Jazz

Sketches of Spain	Miles Davis	Columbia CL 1480 CS 8271
Holiday for Skins **Jazz Samba**	Art Blakey Stan Getz (Saxophone) Charlie Byrd (Guitar)	Blue 4005 Verve V-8432
Jazz at Wilshire	Dave Brubeck (Piano) Paul Desmond (Saxophone)	Fantasy 3249
Time Further Out; **Miro Reflections**	The Dave Brubeck Quartet	Columbia CL 1690 CS 8490
Live It Up	Johnny Mathis	Columbia CL 1711 CS 8511
I'll Buy You a Star	Johnny Mathis	Columbia CL 1623 CS 8423

narrated by Vivien Leigh. Cyril Ornadel has written the music and conducts the orchestra for the background music and for the songs, the words of which have been written by David Croft. The music and songs supplement the fine reading of the original Beatrix Potter text by Miss Leigh. Miss Potter's text and illustrations appear in the accompanying book.

To the innumerable Mother Goose collections, MGM has added, "The Mother Goose Sing-Along." This is pleasantly told with a musical background that does not dominate or compete with the reading.

The Alec Templeton Edition of Mother Goose now carries a book with Kate Greenaway illustrations. Alec Templeton has composed the music for this singing version of Mother Goose (Wonderland RLP 2409).

A. A. Milne has written a series of poems based on "Winnie the Pooh" and "Christopher Robin." The poems, put to music by Fraser-Simson and sung by Frank Luther, make a most pleasing combination. A welcome addition to records for children, the songs are gay and musical without noise or fanfare (Decca DL 4203).

Many adults use children as an excuse to go to the circus. "The Magic World of Circuses and Clowns" (MGM Ch 108) is a backstage visit to the circus told by Robert Q. Lewis. The material presented with the accompanying circus music will appeal to circus lovers and is much less flamboyant than many other circus records.

A new genre of records has appeared: straight narration. Wonderland has issued "A Child's Introduction to the Automobile and the Airplane" (3401) and "A Child's Introduction to Atomic Energy and Outer Space" (3402). The exposition by Barrett Clark is clear and well presented and refers to the accompanying diagrams boxed in the cover of the record. Unfortunately, the diagrams have been done in comic book style and are hard to follow. The material deserves more suitable and clearer diagrams. The idea will undoubtedly appeal to many youngsters who want information and can take it straight; otherwise they would not listen to these records in the first place.

Dr. Milton Levine and Melba Rae have prepared a simple and direct approach to sex in an excellent reading called "A Child's Introduction to Sex" (Wonderland 1459). This is a straight narrative that gives answers to children's questions.

Another expository record is Golden Books "An Introduction to the Instruments of the Orchestra" (Golden Book 00 006). Each instrument is played separately and the illustrated book that accompanies the record allows for both auditory and visual impressions of the instruments.

Hy Zaret and Lou Singer have produced a series of science records that is both informative and very attractive musically. The series is called "Ballads for the Age of Science" and the titles include "Experiment and Activity Songs" (MR 0316), "Nature Songs" (MR 0318), "More Nature Songs" (MR 0320), "Weather Songs" (MR 0322), "Energy and Motion Songs" (MR 0314), and "Space Songs" (MR 0312). The first is presented by Dorothy Collins and Adam, with Tony Mottola leading the orchestra. Marais and Miranda present the nature songs and Tom Glazer and Dottie Evans render the last three. The music is lively, the explanations clear and concise. The total impact is thoroughly delightful even though this reviewer approached them with more than a little skepticism.

Victor continues its series of records for use in schools, entitled "Adventures in Music." The guide is edited by Gladys and Eleanor Tipton and the music is played by the National Symphony Orchestra with Howard Mitchell conducting. If used without pressure it can afford much listening enjoyment. The series is issued on a grade-level basis but, as the authors say in their guide, "There is no one correct way in which a musical selection should be introduced." The exact age at which a child will appreciate certain selections will depend on his previous exposure to music and the atmosphere in which the family listens to music. There is much to interest children and adults in these volumes.

The vast literature of folk and popular music has appeal for all members of the family. A few suggested titles are appended. A group known as Peter, Paul, and Mary (Warner 1449) has a delightful tone quality and a fresh new approach. The Limeliters singing with a group of seventy children are also excellent and vigorous without being noisy (Victor LSP 2512). Of course the recordings of Theodore Bikel and Harry Belafonte and the Weavers continue to be universal favorites.

ADELE FRANKLIN, Director,
All-Day Neighborhood Schools,
New York City Board of Education.

Entitled to special mention among the year's recordings with an informative intent is Capitol's "Instruments of the Orchestra" (HBZ 21002, $14.98), for which Yehudi Menuhin is the narrator. A two-disc issue which utilizes excerpts from recordings by the Royal Philharmonic and other orchestras, it is accompanied by an elaborate brochure with pictures and technical data to supplement Menuhin's well-spoken narration. (Mono only)

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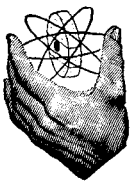


DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • The Research Frontier • Science in Books • Personality Portrait LXXXI • Letters to the Science Editor.

ARTICLE: Some Speculations on Cessation of Research

(Pictures on this page come from "The Joyous Cosmology," written for Pantheon Books by Alan W. Watts, peripatetic observer extraordinary)

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

ON BEETLES, CATERPILLARS AND SEA-SHALLOWS

SINCE science is only a kind of wondering about the mysteries which surround man and pulse through his veins and the nerves that somehow connect with his spirit, it is fitting to take a bit of the little that remains of the year 1962 to reminisce about beauty, sublime and obscure.

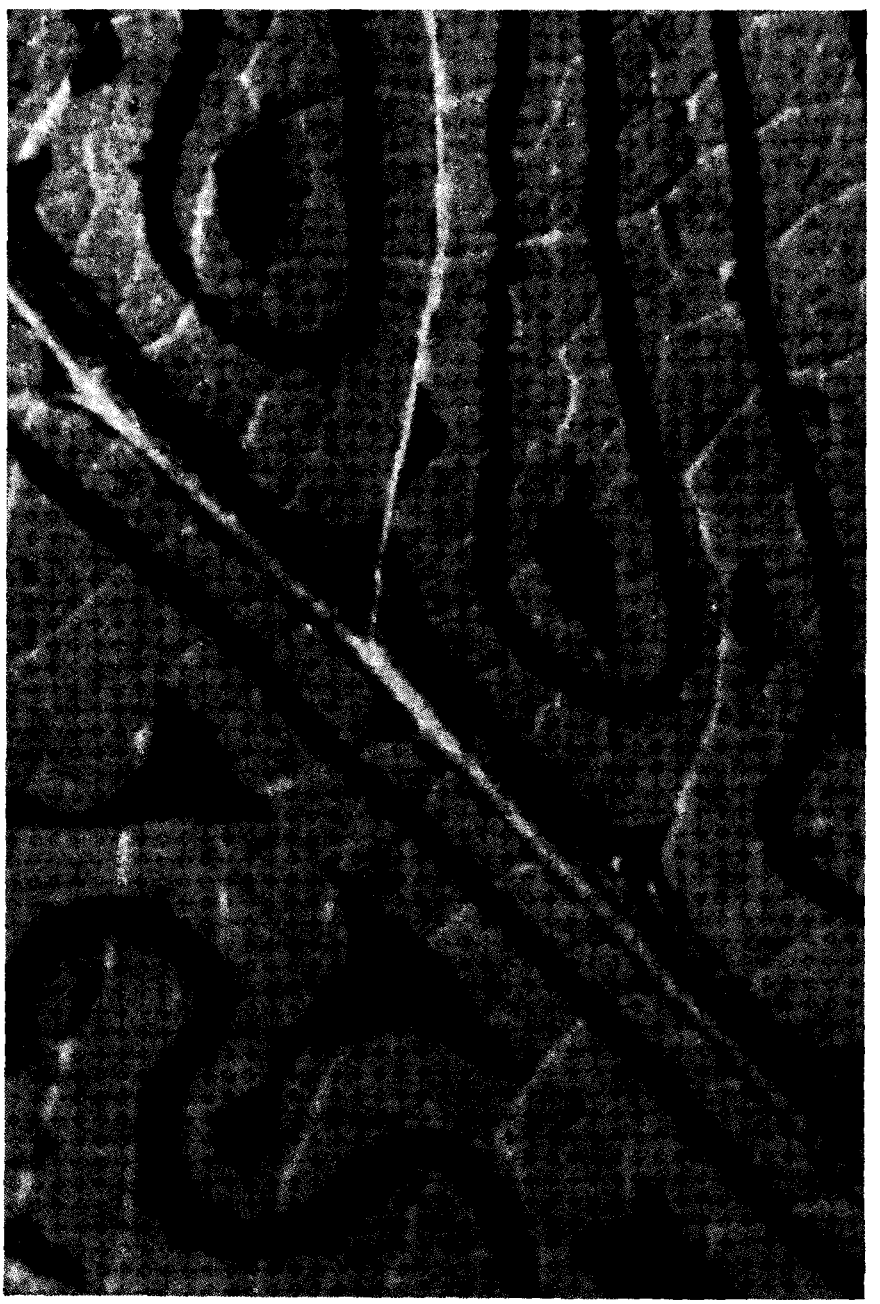
The compulsion toward form peers out at us everywhere. Below is the pattern that grows on the back of a Goliath beetle as the beetle grows. On the right is the path a caterpillar took in feeding on a leaf.

The ceaseless questing for order, the turning and returning, the rhythmic undulation, the subtle repetition of light and shade, appear even on the ocean floor. Captured in the image at our masthead is a creek system flowing off the land beneath the surface waters of a sea-shallow.

In such joyous company, how can any man feel lonely?

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

—*Wolf Strache*



—*Wolf Strache*

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Away from the long period of man's dependence on the wheel, which is useless at speeds above 200 miles per hour. Tomorrow's vehicles will be the rocket, the hydrofoil and the air cushioned machine. The last term applies to devices of all sizes. There is now in common use a vacuum cleaner with a dust receptacle that floats just above the floor. There is a warehouse loading cart that can be pushed through the air while piled high with heavy boxes and crates. There are wheelbarrows which function quite effectively with only air where the wheel had been. And the Ford Motor Company has been working for years on a passenger train suspended above a single rail on a film of air so thin it can hardly be seen. Below is a report on the broader implications of the air cushioned machine for the American people, not only in their domestic affairs but in their friendships abroad.*

By GEORGE P. MILLER (Dem., Calif.)
Chairman, Committee on Science and Astronautics, U.S. House of Representatives

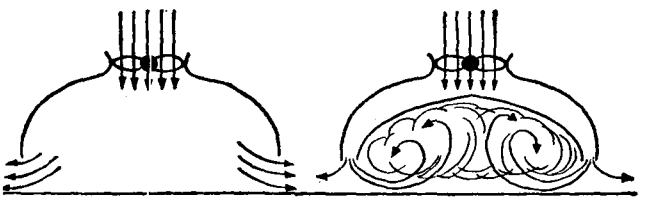
MAN has been rolling about the surface of the earth on wheels for centuries. In the course of this experience, he learned that by suspending a carriage above the wheels on springs he could give himself a smoother ride. Later he found that he could trap air within rubber cushions, wrap the cushions around the rims of the wheels, and not only further smoothen but considerably accelerate his passage. Now suddenly he has discovered that he can discard the wheels, the springs above the wheels, and the rubber cushions around the wheels; all he needs to propel himself is the air heretofore captured inside the rubber tires; by shaping that air itself into cushions he can hover above a chosen spot or travel at speeds as high as hundreds of miles per hour.

There is a magical sound to this act of levitation, but it is only a sound. Actually in operation here is a natural phenomenon known to science for at least a century. A few men have toyed with it for a quarter century. None of them entirely understands it yet. But it is apparently related to one of the laws of motion which historians credit to Sir Isaac Newton in the seventeenth century. The law says that every action has an equal and opposite reaction. Just as rockets rise in response to the firing of explosive gases out their tailpipes, so a solid surface pulled downward by gravity will at a certain point near the earth encounter an upward push from the air compressed between the falling surface and the ground or water below it.

The engineering trick involved in practical use of this "ground effect" is to capture the air and to shape it into a resilient cushion. Obviously, the best model for such a purpose is an inverted bowl. Elongate the bowl and our hoverboat is a bathtub upside down. In free fall, of course, air caught under a dome-like structure will flow outward and upward around the dome to escape compression. But if more air is constantly pumped through an opening in the dome's top, the lifting pressure intensifies as the edge of the dome approaches the ground. Still greater lift can be obtained by converting the dome's surface into a sleeve and injecting air through the sleeve downward and inward to inflate the cushion. By throttling up the pressure behind the air, through use of such devices as jet nozzles, the lifting power can be turned into forward drive for the vehicle. Or auxiliary fans or propellers can be installed at different attitudes to move the craft along.

There is a fixed ratio between the diameter of the downward exhaust nozzle and the height at which the "ground effect" machine is able to hover. The thickness of the supporting air cushion works out roughly to one and a half times the width of the nozzle. Thus, a 1,000-pound motor with 1,000 pounds of thrust—which, according to conventional physics, ought to sit still on its tail when the throttle is wide open—actually will rise fifteen feet off the ground if its exhaust pipe is ten feet in diameter and formed in the annular shape of a ringed burner on a kitchen gas stove.

What accounts for this unexpected performance? Apparently the air trapped within the ring of exhaust is under greater pressure than the free air outside the exhaust ring, and this greater pressure reacts against the weight of the suspended vehicle in the same way that air compressed in a cylinder by a piston pushes the piston backward. The



—Doug Anderson.

larger the cushion of air that is trapped, the easier the cushion can be contained. Hence, by widening the exhaust pipe (that is, by enlarging the floor of the "ground effect" machine and so extending the perimeter along which the jet of air is shot downward) the performance of the craft can be enhanced in either of two directions: raising the gliding height or adding to the cargo-carrying capacity. For example, the 1,000-pound motor with 1,000 pounds of thrust through the ten foot wide exhaust ring could carry 1,500 pounds of cargo at a level of five feet from the ground.

Although I studied my last lesson in engineering at St. Mary's College in California decades ago, and years have passed since my last job as a civil engineer, I am convinced that "ground effect" machines working on the general principle described above are going to transform vast regions of the earth not now accessible to men on wheels—not even on those wheels that hurdle continents high in the sky. The "ground effect" occurs in the proximity of any dense surface, be it dirt or sand or grass or water or ice or something in-between. Therefore, "ground effect" machines can perform as motor cars or trucks where there are no roads, express trains or boxcars where there are no railway tracks, fast packet boats where the rivers are tangled with tropical vegetation or shallowed by bogs or frozen shut.

Centrifugal force makes wheels useless for transport beyond speeds of 200 miles per hour. "Ground effect" machines can travel at least half again as fast because of their relative freedom from friction. Their weight rests on the land or water below the air that holds them aloft, but

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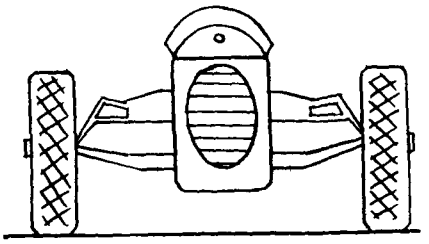
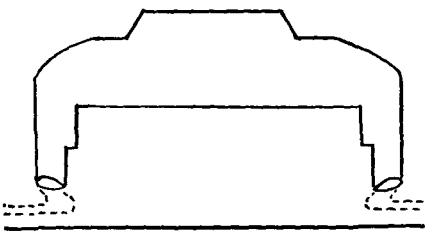


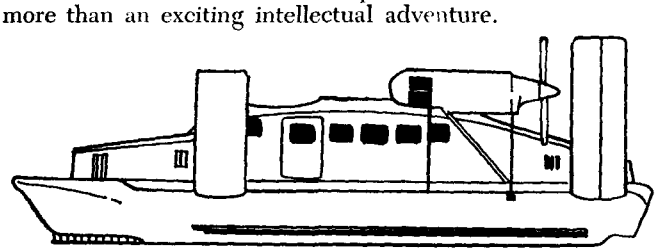
IN THESE TWO SKETCHES we see how wheels tired with air-filled rubber cushions can be taken away without losing the suspension provided by the cushions of air. At left is a front view of a racing automobile. At right is a front view of a "ground effect" machine of catamaran design.



—Doug Anderson

they move not against the resistance of the land or water surface but only against the air, which is 800 times less dense than water. And by hugging the surface they escape the vagaries of pressure and wind shifts which airplanes encounter in the atmosphere.

As chairman of the Congressional committee primarily responsible for encouraging application of scientific research to the problems and aspirations of the people of the United States, I am not altogether happy in reciting the record of "ground effect" machine development up to this time. There is some evidence in the files of the U. S. Patent Office that American initiative sparked the beginning of the hoverboat idea. After A. M. Male, a Frenchman, had designed a bowl that pushed itself upward on a jet of water, air or gas in 1881, an American named A. J. Culbertson in 1898 obtained a patent for a boat that would propel itself forward on a cushion of air between itself and the water. But Mr. Culbertson's boat evidently didn't go anywhere. For the next episode in the story of "ground effect" machines took place in Finland in 1935, when T. J. Kaario, a mechanical engineer, contrived a vehicle which rode a cushion of air while he rode the vehicle across mud, ice and water. The lightweight, high-powered turbine engines now familiar in jet airplanes had not yet been developed, however, and Mr. Kaario's experiments remained little more than an exciting intellectual adventure.



—Doug Anderson

An American witness at one of our committee hearings in the spring of 1959 reported that he and several associates began seeking financial backing for "ground effect" experiments in this country in 1954. He testified that fifty-three different government agencies and private corporations had been approached without avail until the U. S. Army Tank Command in Detroit advanced a small amount of money. In the meanwhile, Christopher Cockerell, of the United Kingdom, who had been refining his own "ground effect" invention with his own funds since 1953, applied for a British patent on it in 1955 and almost immediately got encouragement from the British Ministry of Supply, which classified Cockerell's idea as a military secret. The U. S. Office of Naval Research learned about Cockerell's secret through Canadian connections and acted to take advantage of it. But the extent of ONR's participation in that phase of the development is still classified information. It was declassification of Cockerell's patent in 1958, and the British National Research Development Corporation's willingness to gamble on the commercial potentialities of the patent, that finally put the "ground effect" machine on its presently promising road. By June 1959, Cockerell's first full scale vehicle was successfully scooting over the ground without a wheel to its name.

Following our committee hearings of 1959, the efforts of our own military people in this area were integrated. Today there is a regular interchange of information among the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Maritime Commission through an interdepartmental steering group headed by Capt. J. J. Stilwell, director of the Ship Design Division of the Bureau of Ships of the Navy. Our committee is assured that, insofar as basic research is concerned, we are at least abreast of if not in some ways ahead of researchers elsewhere. However, the British unquestionably are at least a year ahead of everyone else in actual operation of "ground effect" machines. They ran a ferry service across the Dee estuary in Wales last summer, carrying twenty-four passengers on each thirty-minute run from Rhyl to Wallasey—a trip which takes two and a half hours by rail or highway. Other ferries are planned from the southern coast of England to the Isle of Wight, from Weston to Cardiff on the Bristol Channel, and from the cliffs of Dover to Calais on the French coast. Sweden, the Netherlands, France and Italy are likewise interested in this fast new mode of travel. The lakes of Switzerland are natural terrain for such craft, and the Swiss pioneer, Carl Weiland, has brought his skill to this country by way of the U. S. Naval Attache's office in Paris, the U. S. Marine Corps in Washington, D. C., and the aluminum craftsmen of the Reynolds Metals Company at Louisville, Kentucky.

I hope it is prophetic that a "ground effect" machine of Mr. Weiland's designing, "The Everglades Speedster," has been making experimental runs at a seventy-five mile per hour clip with a pilot and three passengers on the Ohio River at Louisville since 1961. For whatever appears on the waters of the Ohio has a way of floating on to the Mississippi, and the great Mississippi basin is a made-to-order proving ground for the capabilities of hoverboats. Mr. Weiland is not the only person who believes so. An independent maker of "ground effect" machines, William R. Bertelsen, president of the Bertelsen Manufacturing Company, Inc., at Neponset, Illinois, crossed the Mississippi at seventy miles per hour between Rock Island, Illinois, and

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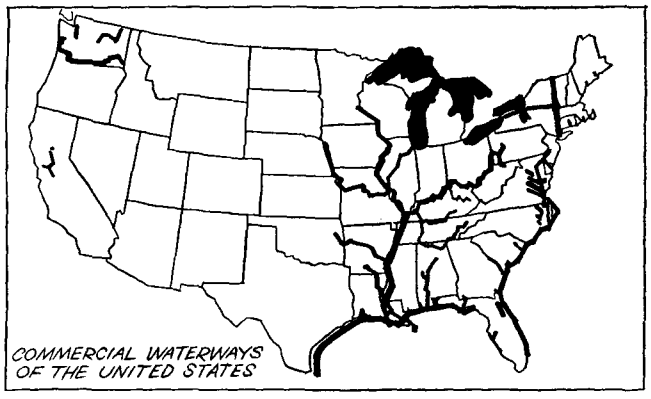

—Doug Anderson, after NAS report on U.S. transportation

Students of transportation agree that hoverboats will make their greatest impact on inland waterways. Above is the Mississippi basin in its true relation to other internal waterways of the U.S.

Davenport, Iowa, on 29 January 1962. The river, which is a mile wide at that point, was jammed with ice at the time of the trip. Mr. Bertelsen set down his craft—he calls it an "aeromobile"—in open water among the ice floes, then took off again across the ice to the other side of the Mississippi and back again. A third invasion of the Mississippi water system by "ground effect" machines is scheduled for spring 1963, when Bell Aerosystems Company will test its "hydroskimmer" for the U. S. Navy on Lake Erie.

The lake chosen for the "hydroskimmer" trials is closed to traffic by ice four months a year—from December to March. A kindred paralysis occurs over the whole upper Mississippi waterway and the Missouri. It is for such situations that "ground effect" machines are designed, and the effectiveness of the new vehicles ought to be multiplied by their ability to take shortcuts across the thousands of twists and turns between one river port and another.

REMEMBERING that hoverboats can travel upwards of 100 miles per hour, it is simple to calculate the competitive impact of these craft on the diesel-powered barges that now carry cargo on the waters of the Mississippi system. Consider the following barge runs of the present day:

Houston to St. Louis—1,588 miles. Downstream, nine days. Upstream, fifteen days.

New Orleans to Pittsburgh—1,951 miles. Downstream, eleven days. Upstream, twenty-one days.

Houston to Pittsburgh—2,349 miles. Downstream, sixteen days. Upstream, twenty-six days.

New Orleans to Cincinnati—1,481 miles. Downstream, eight days. Upstream, seventeen days.

Houston to Cincinnati—1,879 miles. Downstream, thirteen days. Upstream, twenty-three days.

The top speed from origin to destination for a cargo trip on the river occasionally exceeds eight miles per hour. The average speed from origin to destination is probably four to five miles per hour.

I do not intend to suggest that hoverboats are going to eliminate barge traffic on the Mississippi. However, I do wish to point out that a recent report by the National Academy of Sciences on transportation of all kinds in this country projects an increase in net tonnage on the inland waterways from 366,493,823 tons in 1958 to 587,000,000 in 1980. Most of this tonnage will float on the surface of the river as it does now, in the holds of slow-moving barges. A single 6,000 horsepower diesel-fueled tug can pull twenty barges with a cargo of 1,000 to 1,500 tons each. A 6,000 horsepower diesel locomotive can pull only 120 railroad freight cars with a cargo of fifty tons each. The biggest "ground effect" machine now on the drawing boards is a uniquely designed U. S. Maritime Commission vehicle with a cargo capacity of fifty tons—equal to the capacity of one railroad freight car. But shippers justify premium costs for many types of perishable goods in return for speedy delivery, and the number of freight carloads that could be carried by a hoverboat in the equivalent time required by competitive cargo carriers must be taken into account. Anyhow, the Maritime Commission's entry in the "ground effects" race is deliberately scaled to the minimum economic size for such craft. The optimum size will certainly bring down costs not only for cargo but for express passenger service. Downtown-to-downtown travel between port cities linked by water will be far swifter by "ground effect" machine than by planes which must land on airports distant from the business centers. Feasibility of hoverboat ferries between Hoboken, N. J., and Manhattan Island will be tested indirectly by experimental "ground effect" excursions for tourists that Bell Aerosystems has scheduled across New York Bay during the 1964 World's Fair. And what proves to be good for New York will hardly be bad for Chesapeake Bay on the Atlantic Coast, the Oakland estuary on the Pacific Coast, and the Mackenzie delta on the Arctic Coast of Canada.

EVEN a minimum-sized hoverboat can have special uses for which there is no presently available substitute. One possible example might be transport of rockets for interplanetary space exploration from the fabricating plant at Michoud near New Orleans to the new rocket test site in Pearl River County, Mississippi, in the Mississippi river delta. By canal, the connections between the two places total thirty miles. A "ground effect" machine could cut the distance to twelve miles.

This last item may at first glance seem an irrelevancy in any serious discussion of the economy of the richest nation on earth. But hasty dismissal would be mistaken. The entire face of the South is being changed by our preparations for exploration of the moon and earth's neighbor planets. In the course of this alteration, a completely new environment is being built up not only for the South but for man as a species. A rocket itself is ninety percent plastic, woven glass and light metallic alloy. The new materials that are being made to order for it, some of them molecule by molecule, are bound to spill back out of space and across the earthly landscape. We are becoming a highly mobile people, and the "ground effect" machine is not only tuned to this trend but will more readily carry the lighter makings of homes and working places that can move along with us.

The ultimate problem of every modern waterway is prevention of its own erosion by the rising speed of the traffic it carries. Hoverboats create almost no wake. They will leave the Mississippi basin as they found it, with one exception: through them, it can be converted into a showplace of opportunity. What happens to the "ground effect" machine on the waters of the Mississippi system will be an example to be repeated on the grasslands of South America and the deserts of Africa, Australia and China. The Russians are reported to be readying a dozen hoverboats for the very sort of social experiment I have proposed for our country's heartland. Six of their craft are to go to the Caspian Sea, we are told, and the other six to the great rivers of Siberia.

It is the intention of our committee to spur research on this sweeping new frontier in every way possible. Early in 1963, we hope to hear testimony from private entrepreneurs concerning their willingness to become involved. Only six millions of dollars of public funds have been spent up to now, practically all for military experiments. Six million more dollars will have to be spent to put the Maritime Commission's model hoverboat into the water. That is a remarkably low price for a peacetime revolution in high-speed export of the American revolutionary idea.

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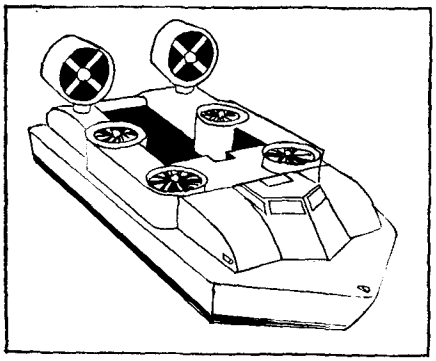
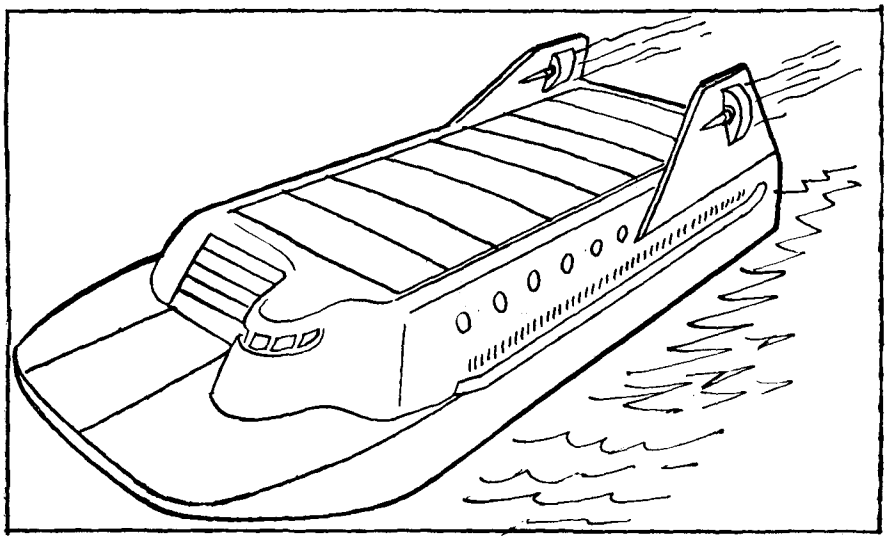
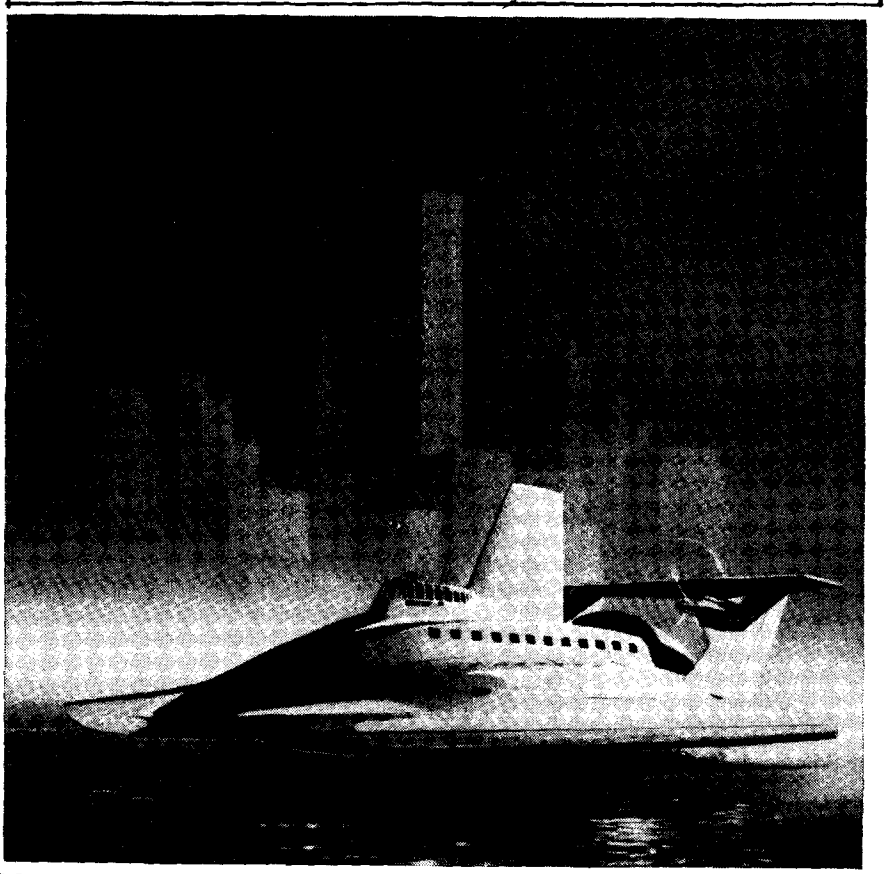
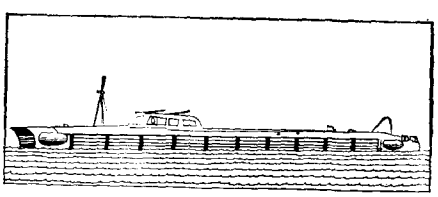


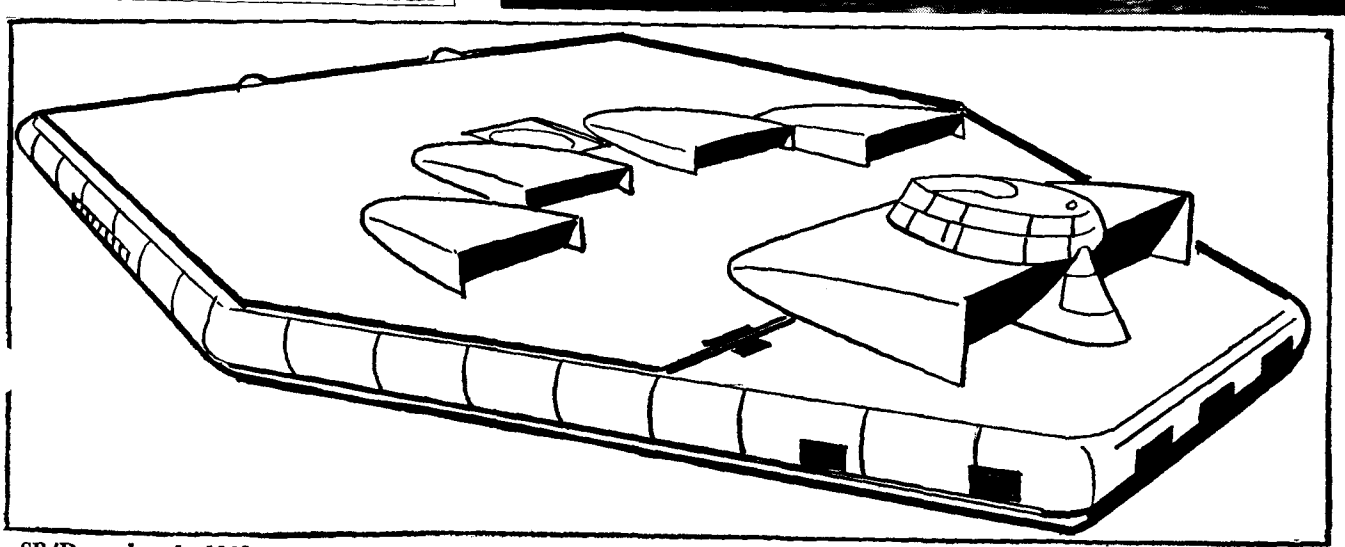


THE GALLERY OF SKETCHES of hoverboats on this page makes evident the difference between "ground effect" machines and hydrofoils. Hydrofoils are boats which never altogether leave the water but rise on V-shaped stilts as they pick up speed. Hoverboats always rest atop a cushion of air immediately over the water or over any other solid surface.

Directly above is the "hydroskimmer" which Bell Aerosystems is building for the U. S. Navy. Directly below is a barge-like British craft now operating experimentally. On the right, at the top, is a U. S. Army craft projected for shore operations. Right center is the U. S. Maritime Commission's pilot experiment for peacetime commerce: "Columbia, the GEM (ground effect machine) of the ocean." Conceived by Dr. Scott Rethorst, designer of the fast B-58 airplane and president of Vehicle Research Corporation, the "Columbia" is shaped like a catamaran in order to obtain lift from airflow across its ogive top as well as push from the air cushion channeled under the middle of the craft. Among enormous hoverboats predicted for the future is a nuclear giant proposed by the Atomic Division of General Dynamics, sketched at the bottom of the page.







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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE ORIGIN OF RACES

A New Theory by Carleton S. Coon

MY thesis is, in essence, that at the beginning of our record, over half a million years ago, man was a single species, *Homo erectus*, perhaps already divided into five geographic races or subspecies. These geographical groups are the Caucasoid, Mongoloid, Australoid, Congoid, and Capoid. The Caucasoid includes Europeans and their overseas kinsmen, the Middle Eastern Whites from Morocco to West Pakistan, and most of the peoples of India, as well as the Ainu of Japan. The Mongoloid includes most of the East Asiatics, Indonesians, Polynesians, Micronesians, American Indians, and Eskimo. In the Australoid category fall the Australian aborigines, Melanesians, Papuans, some of the tribal folk of India, and the various Negritos of South Asia and Oceania. The Congoid comprises the Negroes and Pygmies of Africa. I have named it *Congoid* after a region (not a specific nation) which contains both kinds of people. The Capoid group includes the Bushmen and Hottentots and other relict tribes, like the Sandawe of Tanganyika. It is called *Capoid* after the Cape of Good Hope.

Homo erectus then evolved into *Homo sapiens* not once but five times, as each subspecies, living in it own territory, passed a critical threshold from a more brutal to a more *sapient* state.

This point of view is not wholly original (I know, for instance, of two younger men who have thought it out independently of myself and of each other: Frank Livingstone of the University of Michigan and Loring Brace of the University of California at Santa Barbara) nor is it generally accepted. As I was working alone, with only Franz Weidenreich's interpretation of the Sinanthropus material [fossil men found in China] to guide me, I decided, before writing this book, to marshal many kinds of cognate evidence.

I studied genetic theory, zoogeography, and human physiology (with special reference to adaptations to climate and culture); the history of the primates, with its marvelous record of parallelism, by which such similar creatures as the Old and the New World monkeys could evolve from different prosimians; and the record of our hominid predecessors, the Australopithecines. I also made a survey of world archaeology covering the Pleistocene [the age of earth's history which began about a million years ago and ended about 10,000 years ago]. In addition, I had to explain the differences among fossil men between evolutionary characteristics and those that are racial.

Now that the task is over, I feel that the three Eurasiatic lines—the Australoid, Mongoloid, and Caucasoid—have been traced fully enough so that future discoveries will entail no major surprises. The African material, however, is less well documented and new conclusions may be reached as new evidence becomes available. As far as we know now, the Congoid line started on the same evolutionary level as the Eurasiatic ones in the Early Middle Pleistocene and then stood still for a half million years, after which Negroes and Pygmies appeared as if out of nowhere. But only when the key fossils have been found will we know where and when the major lines of human descent embarked on the separate paths that they have followed to this day.

Toward the end of the Pleistocene, after all five geographical races of man had become *sapiens* but before the two northernmost, the Mongoloid and Caucasoid, had completed their southward invasions and expansions, each race may have contained nearly equal numbers of individuals. However, by the time agriculture and animal husbandry had been invented, by Caucasoids and Mongoloids, these two had begun to outnumber the others. With the wide spread of food production, the numerical disproportion between the races increased; and today Mongoloids and Caucasoids together constitute the vast majority of the earth's inhabitants.

The Australoids are on the decline, except among the aboriginal tribes of India; and the Bushmen and Hottentots number only tens of thousands. The Pygmies are few, but hold their own. The African Negroes, on the other hand, have shown extraordinary vitality. They have been particularly versatile in adopting new cultures wherever they have been taken, as laborers, by Caucasoids and Mongoloids, and they have become the dominant racial element in many of the tropical lowland regions of the New World, as well as of Madagascar and parts of the Arabian coast.

Once a race has become established as the principal population of a region, it has a tendency to stay there and to resist the genetic influences swept in by later invasions. Less than a thousand years ago the Arabs had a city near Amoy on the China coast, complete with minarets and bazaars. Thousands of Arab men must have impregnated Chinese women; yet today there is little if anything about the Fukienese to show it. Kashmiri traders live, marry local women, and die in the cities of Tibet, and Spaniards by the thousands have settled in the Andean *altiplano*, but today Tibetans and Andean Indians are as mongoloid as ever.

WHEN two races come into contact and mixture occurs, one race tends to dominate the other. The local advantage that the genetically superior group (superior for its time and place) possesses may be primarily cultural or primarily physiological, or a combination of both. For example, the dominance of the Europeans over the native peoples of North America, Australia, and New Zealand is primarily cultural; that of the Negroes in the tropical lowland of the New World and of the Indians in the Andes is primarily physiological.

There is, however, a third kind of dominance, expressed by the resistance of a population to the intrusion of large numbers of outsiders into its social and genetic structure. Call it xenophobia, prejudice, or whatever, people do not ordinarily welcome masses of strangers in their midst, particularly if the strangers come with women and children and settle down to stay. Social mechanisms arise automatically to isolate the newcomers as much as possible and to keep them genetically separate. This has happened historically to Jews (who wanted to preserve their culture) nearly everywhere, and to Negroes in the New World. It has happened recently to Europeans in India and Indonesia, and in Africa it is happening very dramatically to Europeans, even as I write.

The above is the behavioral aspect of race relations. The genetic aspect operates in a comparable way. Genes that form part of a cell nucleus possess an internal equilibrium as a group, just as do the members of social institutions. Genes in a population are in equilibrium if the population is living a healthy life as a corporate entity. Racial intermixture can upset the genetic as well as the social equilibrium of a group, and so, newly introduced genes tend to disappear or be reduced to a minimum percentage unless they pos-

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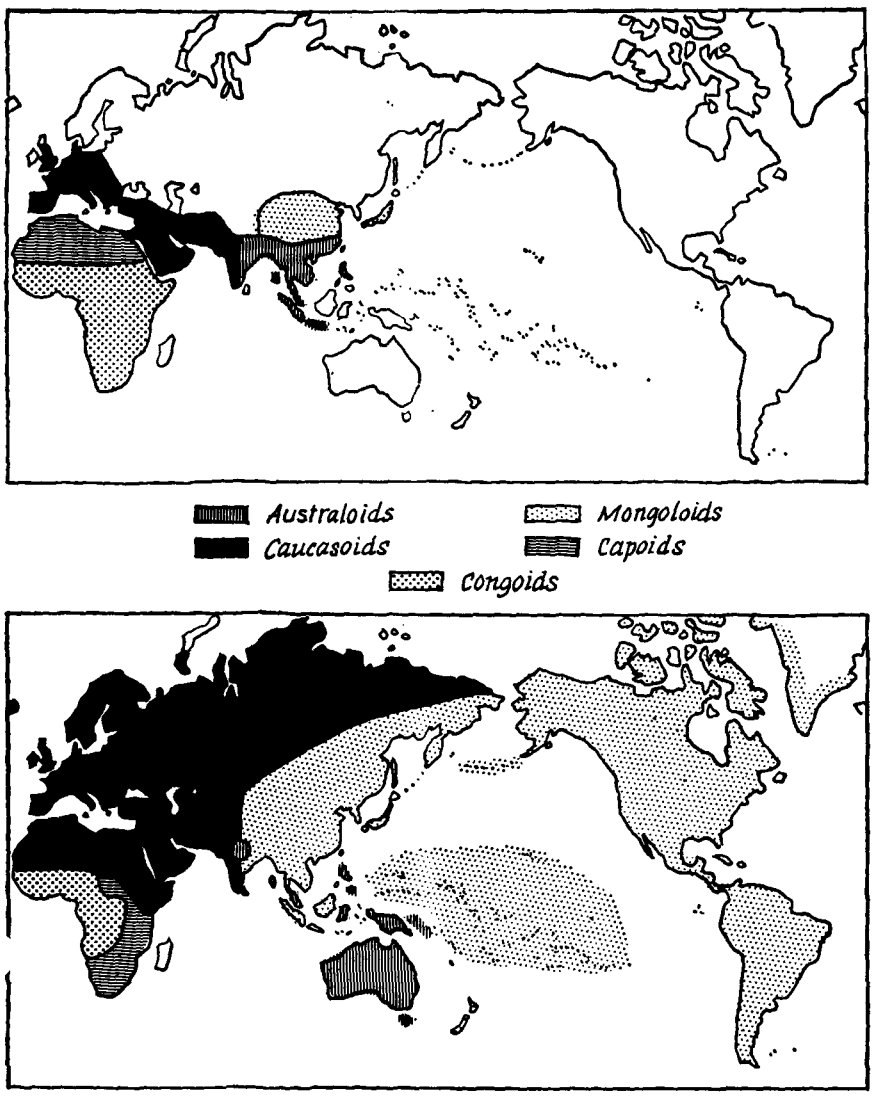

—Doug Anderson, after the book

Maps above show how races spread from sites of their prehistoric beginnings (top: 1,000,000 to 10,000 years ago; bottom: in last 10,000 years.)

sess a selective advantage over their local counterparts.

I am making these statements not for any political or social purpose but merely to show that, were it not for the mechanisms cited above, men would not be black, white, yellow, or brown. We would all be light khaki, for there has been enough gene flow over the clinal regions [regions of racial transition] of the world during the last half million years to have homogenized us all had that been the evolutionary scheme of things, and had it not been advantageous to each of the geographical races for it to retain, for the most part, the adaptive elements in its genetic *status quo*.

This *status quo* entails not only the variations in bones and teeth that are ident in fossil man, and those of the rface features of living men, like skin, hair, lips, and ears, by which we can distinguish races almost at a glance, but also subtler differences seen only on the dissecting table or through the eyepieces of microscopes. Races differ in the extent and manner in which the fine subcutaneous muscles of the lips and cheeks have become differentiated from the parent mammalian muscle body; in the chemical composition of hair and of bodily secretions, including milk; in the ways in which different muscles are attached to bones, in the sizes and probable secretion rates of different endocrines, in certain details of the nervous system, as, for example, how far down in the lumbar vertebrae the neural canal extends; and in the capacity of individuals to tolerate crowding and stress.

In studying racial differences in living men, physical anthropologists are now relying less and less on anthropometry and more and more on research in blood groups, hemoglobins, and other biochemical features. This is all to the good because the inheritance of these newly discovered characteristics can be accurately determined. In them, racial differences have been found, differences just as great as the better known and much more conspicuous anatomical variations. Being invisible to the naked eye, they are much less controversial than the latter in an increasingly race-conscious world. To me, at least, it is encouraging to know that biochemistry divides us into the same subspecies that we recognize on the basis of other criteria.

To readers who find these simple biological facts disconcerting, let me repeat something I have said before. Until the present century, and in some countries until the present day, all five subspecies of man whose racial histories I have traced include populations of food gatherers and hunters living in the same regions that their ancestors occupied at least as early as early postglacial times. Some of the most backward in a cultural sense belong to the Mongoloid and Caucasoid subspecies, other populations of which have achieved the highest levels of civilization yet known in the world. But these backward populations do not live in their ancestral homelands; they hunt in distant regions that their ancestors invaded.

Caucasoids and Mongoloids who live in their homelands and in recently colonized regions, such as North America, did not rise to their present population levels and positions of cultural dominance by accident. They achieved all this because their ancestors occupied the most favorable of the earth's zoological regions, in which other kinds of animals also attained dominance during the Pleistocene. These regions had challenging climates and ample breeding grounds and were centrally located within continental land masses. There general adaptation was more important than special adaptation. Any other subspecies that had evolved in these regions would probably have been just as successful. Now the success of these groups is being challenged in many parts of the world as other groups who evolved later learn to use their inventions, especially modern means of communication. And evolution is still taking place, particularly natural selection resulting from crowding and stress.

—Carleton S. Coon
in "The Origin of Races,"
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by Carleton S. Coon;
Alfred A. Knopf, $10)*

P. W. BRIDGMAN:

A Sophisticate's Primer of Relativity

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXXXI

HE FOUND A LOST WORLD: THE PLANET PLUTO

Clyde W. Tombaugh, Huntsman among the Stars

—*Lowell Observatory*

CLYDE Tombaugh was born on a farm near Streator, Illinois, on 4 February 1906. When he was twelve years old, he looked at the moon through a telescope that his uncle Lee, an amateur astronomer, had built from a long tin tube, a cheap lens, and a magnifying glass. As the moon seemed to spring at him from the eyepiece, Clyde gasped. "Somehow, some way, I just have to be an astronomer!"

Clyde began to read his uncle's astronomy books. He read them over and over. He hiked miles to the Streator town library and borrowed everything on the astronomy shelf. He saved money from his small allowance to buy more books. The more he read, the more he wanted to know—and to see. His uncle lent his telescope, and Clyde used it on every clear night to study the moon, Jupiter, Saturn, the stars. Even after a hard day of school work and chores on the farm, he would sit at the telescope as long as four hours a night.

When Clyde was sixteen, his father Muron decided to move from Illinois to western Kansas and rent a wheat farm near the town of Burdett. Clyde was kept busier than ever with farm chores—working in the fields, feeding the livestock, milking the cows, and carrying wood and coal. But he still would sit at the borrowed telescope on cold nights until his hands and feet turned numb.

Classmates at Burdett High School nicknamed him "Comet Clyde." And when the class was graduated in 1925, they wrote this prophecy about him in their yearbook:

"He will discover a new world."

The Tombaughs were poor tenant farmers—too poor to send Clyde to college. "We need you to help out on the farm so that our family can make ends meet," his father explained. And Clyde worked in the fields from dawn until dusk. But the nights were his for exploring by telescope.

A year after his graduation from high school, Clyde happened on an exciting article in a Sunday school paper. It told how to build an eight-inch reflector telescope. Clyde husked corn for a neighbor to earn the dollars that would buy two slabs of glass for the mirrors. He built the telescope tube of boards seven feet long. But the wood warped, the mirror reflected weak images, and the mounting was so flimsy that the tube shook in the slightest breeze. To protect the instrument from the weather, Clyde dug a cave behind the house with pick and shovel. Then he ordered more glass and began to grind a new mirror. He worked fast so that he could finish in time to observe Mars. In his haste, he ground the glass too thin.

Having no money with which to buy fresh glass, Clyde wrote to his uncle Lee in Illinois, asking if the uncle would like Clyde to make a telescope for him. The uncle was delighted. Clyde worked all winter to complete this instrument, finishing in May 1927. The telescope was a tremendous success. Uncle Lee invited all his friends and neighbors to see and use his nephew's "masterpiece." And he promptly sent Clyde a check in payment for the job.

Clyde immediately invested the money in new disks of glass with which to build himself a nine-inch reflecting telescope. This time he made the mounting sturdy—from the driving shaft of a broken down automobile, sections of an old cream separator, and remains of a worn out straw spreader.

On almost every clear night, Clyde spent several hours at the eyepiece. Often he made sketches of what he saw: the craters of the moon, the divisions of Saturn's rings, the moons of Jupiter. Sometimes he became so absorbed in sketching that he worked at the telescope all night.

Early one morning in November 1928, Clyde was watching Mars. The clear morning light and unusually calm atmosphere helped bring in a sharp image. Suddenly streaky lines came into view. Clyde was seeing the "canals" that Percival Lowell had seen! Clyde watched Mars for weeks, and made a series of drawings showing the "canals" as they appeared to him.

Were the drawings accurate? Clyde wondered. He knew that astronomers of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, were specialists on planets, especially Mars. Why not get in touch with the Lowell staff?

Clyde wrote a letter describing his telescope and his experience in building and using it. He sent along his drawings of Mars and several of Jupiter. He asked the Lowell astronomers to tell him what they thought of the sketches.

In December 1928, Clyde received a letter from Dr. V. M. Slipher, director and chief astronomer of the Lowell Observatory. Dr. Slipher said Clyde's drawings were excellent in detail and amazingly accurate. Dr. Slipher also asked a few questions:

Was Clyde in good health? Was he willing to work long hours in the cold? Was he interested in becoming an assistant at the Lowell Observatory?

If the answers to these questions were positive, there was a job in "photographic observing" waiting for Clyde Tombaugh at Lowell!

The Lowell Observatory was a thousand miles away from the Tombaugh farm. Clyde, who had never left home, did not know a single person in Arizona. "You won't have money for a return ticket," his mother reminded him. His father put him on the train with this advice: "Do the smallest job as if it's the most important one in the world."

"We are happy to have you join the staff," Dr. Slipher said when Clyde got to Flagstaff. "I'm not sure that I know what I'm supposed to do," Clyde said. Dr. Slipher laughed. "Maybe not, but we're certain that you will learn."

Before the interview was over, Clyde knew that the Lowell Observatory was waiting for the lens to be fitted into a new thirteen-inch telescope, and that he would use this wide-eyed instrument to help search for "Planet X."

"Planet X" was the name that the late Percival Lowell, founder of the

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Lowell Observatory, had given to a supposed but never seen ninth member of the sun's family of planets. Belief in this body's existence was based on otherwise unexplainable irregularities in the orbit of planet number seven: Uranus. The eighth planet, Neptune, had first been postulated and then discovered to occupy an orbit where its gravitational pull affected the course of Uranus. But Neptune didn't account for all the tiny wobbles in Uranus's path. There must be still another planet beyond Neptune that was pulling at Uranus from time to time.

As far back as 1905—the year before Clyde Tombaugh was born—astronomer Lowell had plotted the probable orbit of "Planet X." One particular part of the sky in which "Planet X" might be seen, he predicted, would be among the stars of the constellation Gemini.

Clyde began his job at Lowell by watching the astronomers at work. They showed him how to set up, clean, check, and operate the instruments. When he was not busy in the observatory or reading in the library, he fed pine logs into the furnace of the administration building, shoveled snow from the paths that led to the telescope domes, and served as observatory guide during visiting hours.

Early in April, Dr. Slipher called Clyde to the office. "We're ready to have you start the search for 'Planet X,'" he said. "Tonight you can begin making photographs of Gemini."

Every night of the week when the seeing was good, Clyde tended the camera at the telescope's eye. Section by section he photographed the belt of sky that Lowell had marked out for the missing planet's orbit. Two or three nights after photographing one section he made a second photo of that section. Each picture showed an average of 160,000 star images. Clyde was looking among all those stars for one image that moved.

For this purpose he used a "blink microscope," a machine for comparing two photographic plates. After looking at one plate through the eyepiece, he would press a lever that flipped a little mirror and brought into view the identical section of sky on the second plate. While the mirror flipped back and forth, Clyde watched for any dot on the plate that seemed to jump. A jumping dot could be "Planet X."

The spring and summer of 1929 passed. Clyde Tombaugh had now examined millions of star images, but stubborn "Planet X" still refused to show itself. Some of the astronomers who visited the observatory ridiculed the search. But the search continued into winter.

It was a shivering vigil for the lonely watcher. Heating the inside of the observatory dome was impossible because heat would produce waves of turbulent air that would interfere with seeing. So Clyde swathed himself in woolen underwear, sweaters, a sheepskin coat, fur-lined boots, and a long stocking cap. While sitting at the guiding eyepiece, he huddled under a big woolen blanket. Even then he became numb with cold.

As Tombaugh's survey of the sky approached the Milky Way, his studies of the photographs took longer and longer. This region was packed so thickly with stars that sometimes as many as 400,000 stars appeared on a single plate! Poring over these dots of light in the darkness was painfully slow, wearisome work. Tombaugh soon fell far behind schedule.

On the nights of 21, 23, and 29 January of the year 1930, Tombaugh made three photos of the eastern part of Gemini. The stars on these plates were not so thickly packed. The 21 January plate was not very clear, so Tombaugh put it aside and "blinked" the other two plates.

By mid-February he had inspected about a quarter of the stars on this matched pair. On 18 February he began blinking images near the star Delta Geminorum. Suddenly a spot of light jumped back and forth.

The jump was very slight, indicating that the object was very far away. Tombaugh measured the shift of position on the two plates. It was only three and one-half millimeters—about one-seventh of an inch.

The object must be beyond Neptune.

"That's it!" Clyde cried. "That must be 'Planet X'."

Attached to the thirteen-inch telescope was a five-inch camera which made photographs of the same patch of sky. Clyde looked at the pictures this smaller camera had taken on the nights of 23 and 29 January. In these, "Planet X" barely showed up—but it was there!

Now Tombaugh examined the "spare" third photograph made with the thirteen-inch on 21 January. "Planet X" turned up there, too, in exactly the position it should have occupied on 21 January!

Tombaugh raced across the hall to Dr. C. O. Lampland, assistant director of the observatory.

"I think I've found something! Come have a look!"

While Dr. Lampland hurried to the blink microscope, Tombaugh sped down the hall to call Dr. Slipher. For the next hour Lampland and Slipher blinked the plates. Finally Dr. Slipher spoke:

"This may be 'Planet X,' but there is no way of knowing for certain until we have observed its motion for several weeks."

Would the image follow a steady course, as a planet should?

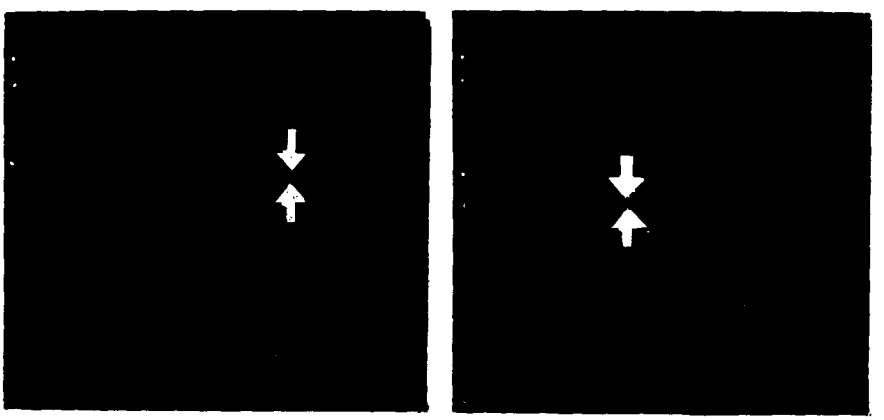
Tombaugh rushed to a window to look at the sky. It was cloudy. There would be no chance to photograph "Planet X" that night.

Tombaugh was so nervous that he could not eat or think or work. To help the time speed by, he went to the movies and saw Gary Cooper in "The Virginian."

By the following evening, the weather had cleared. Tombaugh again photographed the Delta Geminorum region. He developed the plate and left it on a drying rack overnight. When he arrived at the blink microscope next morning, Dr. Slipher and Dr. Lampland were already there awaiting him. They all crowded around the microscope to look at the new plate. Would they find that "Planet X" had moved at the proper rate for a planet at that distance?

"It's exactly where it should be," the astronomers agreed. "It has moved west one centimeter since 29 January."

For the next few weeks the astronomers tracked "Planet X." Night after night it traveled precisely as it should



—Doug Anderson, after "The Search for Planet X"

Sky pictures above told Clyde Tombaugh he had found the missing planet. Arrows show how far planet moved across starry field between 23 January 1930 (left) and 29 January 1930 (right). Be your own observer by using the largest stars as markers.

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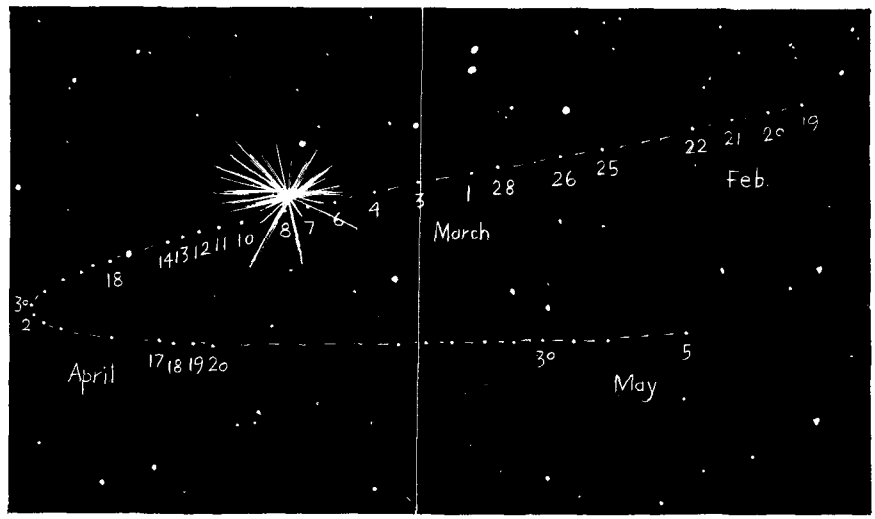

—Doug Anderson, after "The Search for Planet X."

The orbit of Pluto as Clyde Tombaugh patiently picked it out amongst the stars.

across the sky. The great news could now be told to the world. On 13 March 1930, the seventy-fifth anniversary of Percival Lowell's birth, the observatory announced the discovery of a ninth planet of the sun.

Clyde had fulfilled the prophecy his high school classmates had written for him!

News of the event was radioed around the world. Astronomers of many countries turned their telescopes to Gemini and saw the new planet. Many people suggested names. From these, the Lowell Observatory finally chose Pluto.

Pluto was a most fitting name. Its first two letters were Percival Lowell's initials. And in Greek mythology, Pluto was a son of the god Saturn and a grandson of Uranus and Gaea (Earth). Pluto had two brothers, Neptune and Jupiter. Pluto was the uncle of Mars, Mercury, and Venus. To cap it all, Pluto was the ruler of the dark underworld, and it was certainly appropriate to give his name to the new planet in the vast realm of darkness on the outer edge of the solar system.

THE discovery of Pluto brought world-wide acclaim not only to the Lowell Observatory but also to Clyde Tombaugh. In January 1931 he received the Jackson-Gwilt medal and twenty-five pounds sterling from England's Royal Astronomical Society. Soon afterward, he at last got a chance to go to college. The University of Kansas awarded him its first Edwin Emory Slosson science scholarship, and he entered the university in the fall of 1932. Clyde graduated with a bachelor's degree in 1936 and went on to get a master's degree in astronomy in 1939. Then he became a full-time staff member of the Lowell Observatory.

Halfway through school, he married a fellow student, Miss Patricia Irene Edson, who bore him a daughter (Mrs. Annette Roberta Willoughby, living now with her husband and three children near Fort Worth, Tex.) and a son (Clyde Tombaugh, Jr., seventeen years old) in the course of their joint pursuit of new nebulae clusters, new clusters of stars, new individual stars, new asteroids, and suspected new satellites of earth other than the moon.

TOMBAUGH still grinds telescope lenses wherever he goes, and he has gone from Lowell Observatory to Arizona State College to the University of California (Los Angeles) to the Aberdeen Ballistics Laboratory Annex at White Sands Proving Ground and finally to the New Mexico State University at Las Cruces, where he teaches twelve hours a week while watching Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn for signs of geological changes that might be worth reporting to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration as guides for space travelers.

The Tombaughs are active members of the university community at Las Cruces, often attending lectures and concerts on campus. When entertainment slows down elsewhere, excitement can always be found in the backyard, where Tombaugh keeps a telescope sixteen and a half feet long. Built it himself, of course.

—TONY SIMON.

Tony Simon is editor of News-Time, a magazine for elementary school children. Clyde Tombaugh is the hero of Tony Simon's new book, "The Search for Planet X," published on 12 October 1962 by Basic Books at $3.75 per copy.

The longer background behind Clyde Tombaugh's work is described in another new book, "The Discovery of Neptune," by Morton Grosser (Harvard University Press, $4.95).

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SOME SPECULATIONS ON CESSATION OF RESEARCH

Musings of A Teacher of Medicine at Harvard

By SAMUEL LEVINE, M.D.

THE future health of any society depends upon two factors: (1) the utilization of *present* knowledge concerning the prevention and treatment of disease; and (2) the discovery of *new methods* of prevention and treatment of disease. The first is attained by medical education of both those applying medical knowledge (the doctors) and those receiving the benefits (our citizens). The second depends entirely upon research. Both forces are at work at the present time. The proportion of one to the other, the degree of interest in research as compared to that in medical education, differs in different parts of the world and depends upon the economic and intellectual level of the community.

It goes without saying that an unpoverished country will not be able to have sufficient X-ray equipment, or men trained in roentgenology, or chemical laboratories to detect early tuberculosis of the lungs or early carcinoma of the colon. Nor will such a society have enough penicillin to treat or prevent certain infections when large doses are required. The same comment can be made about many expensive drugs. In this country and in most of Europe, however, even expensive measures required to protect the health of people have become generally available even to the indigent.

The value of research has become so generally accepted during the past decade or two that the average citizen —and what is more important, the average Congressman or Senator in Washington—hardly questions the need for research appropriations. In large measure this attitude stems from the enormous advances that have taken place in the physical sciences and the panicky race going on between the Western democracies and the Communist states.

During the past fifteen years there has been a manifold increase in the expenditure of funds for medical research in the United States, so that at present about one billion dollars is spent annually. This does not include funds spent in other fields that often have a direct bearing upon medicine and health, such as biology, zoology, and biophysics. Further improvement in the health of our community will depend upon new discoveries that will stem from all this research. The cure or prevention of cancer, for example, will only come about by continued research. Vigorous medical research must therefore continue.

However, improvement in our health can also come from *better utilization of present knowledge*. Many patients with cancer lose their lives because the disease is not detected soon enough. With certain conditions, early diagnosis is of little importance, but with others life is saved if prompt and accurate recognition of the underlying disease is made. Errors in the care of the sick can be diminished only by better education of physicians and the lay public and by more effective use of what is already known. One can speculate and wonder what would happen if a moratorium were called on all medical research for five years, and all the money saved thereby (five billion dollars) were spent in greater and more effective dissemination and utilization of our present knowledge. It does a patient very little good if his physician treats him for rheumatism with aspirin for some years, when all that time the patient had a parathyroid tumor that could have been removed before advanced and irreversible renal insufficiency developed. The physician needs to be taught again and again what he once knew, i.e., that anyone with pains in the limbs who also has kidney stones must be suspected of having hyperparathyroidism. A simple determination of the amount of calcium and phosphorous in the blood might resolve the doubt. This is but one example of the need for competent utilization of current knowledge. The research that led to this particular discrimination in diagnosis was done years ago but not all people are profiting from it. Thousands of lives are sacrificed yearly and innumerable years of needless suffering result from lack of application of presently available knowledge.

Apart from physicians' errors in diagnosis of the cause of disease, purely economic factors affecting diagnosis must be considered. Most physicians now know that many patients with so-called essential hypertension have an underlying remediable cause for the hypertension. They know that some have a pheochromocytoma [type of tumor] or a unilateral kidney lesion or coarctation [blocking] of the aorta. They also know that it would require several days of expensive hospitalization to obtain the necessary information. In only one or two out of fifty cases would anything of practical value result from such hospitalization. The physician might well, therefore, dismiss the matter from his mind, and the one curable case he could have discovered is overlooked. In short, sufficient funds are not always readily available to afford this kind of "medical luxury."

Often physicians are too busy to perform those tests or make those observations which they are capable of performing and which might lead to earlier diagnoses and more effective treatment. If there were more medical schools and more medical teachers, there would be more physicians. If more physicians were available, they would have more time, competition among them would be keener, and they would be encouraged to do better work.

Dr. Samuel A. Levine, of Brookline, Mass., is retiring president of the Harvard Medical Alumni Association. His remarks here extend slightly and enlarge upon thoughts he expressed in the Harvard Medical Alumni Bulletin.

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A larger number of physicians would also help to solve the patients' problem of obtaining medical aid more readily during the night.

If all medical research were halted for five years, future generations would certainly suffer. New medical advances would be delayed. But if those billions of dollars that would be saved were applied to improving the standard of medical care, if more medical schools were established so that we could have the much needed increase in good physicians, if physicians became more alert in recognizing curable disease that is crippling or fatal when overlooked, and if the funds become available to administer important but costly methods of diagnosis and treatment, it is not unlikely that more lives would be saved and more physical and mental help would be rendered to our population than would be lost by the five years of neglected research.

It is not the purpose of this discussion to deprecate the importance of medical research. Research must be prosecuted vigorously and continuously. Future gains in the health of our society depend largely upon research. The point to emphasize here is that there are other neglected factors from which we may yet gain much to improve the health of our people. Insufficient emphasis is being placed on improving medical education; insufficient funds are available for teachers who may be doing no research; insufficient salaries are paid to good teachers who do no laboratory investigation; inadequate measures are taken to enable physicians, especially general practitioners, to obtain postgraduate medical instruction.

A physician spends *four years* as an undergraduate at a medical school and generally obtains good early instruction. Much of this education has been subsidized by private philanthropy or public funds. However, the physician spends *forty years* as a postgraduate practitioner and often obtains no further instruction. Many do take postgraduate courses, read the current medical journals, and attend medical meetings. Much more needs to be done to see to it that physicians not only keep in touch with advances in medicine but are retaught what they have forgotten, so that fewer and fewer medical errors are made and more and more lives and health are preserved.

The theoretical possibility of stopping all medical research for five years (heaven forbid!) was discussed merely to indicate the great need for teaching more effectively what is already known and to emphasize the importance of these other factors that could help greatly in the prevention and cure of disease.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

THE VICOS EXPERIMENT

HAVING JUST FINISHED reading the enthralling section on the Vicos experiment and its far-reaching effects upon the surrounding areas, I am driven to report to you my sense of enthusiasm. Would that this section might be required reading for all administrators of lend-lease!

Thank you for this exciting report and for acquainting us with this encouraging example of the sort of sensitive imagination and intelligent execution which seems so rare these days.

FRANCES B. HITCHCOCK.
Manset, Maine.

THE ARTICLES IN *SR*'s November 3 edition on the Cornell Vicos project in Peru are to be commended. However, with respect to the climax of this great and successful experiment, namely, the purchase of the land by the Indian community, it is rather surprising that no credit whatsoever is given to one individual and to one agency without whose help this purchase would have been impossible, at least at the price and the time agreed to.

The individual is Senator-elect Edward Kennedy who, after visiting the Vicos project, on his own initiative brought the matter forcefully and intelligently to the personal attention of President Manuel Prado. The agency is the United States Embassy in Peru which persistently pressed the issue with the Peruvian government and eventually, with the help of the then prime minister, Pedro Beltran, achieved the happy result.

Since both the individual and the agency (the Department of State) have so often and so recently been the subject of raised eyebrows in intellectual circles, it seems worth pointing out that, in this specific case, they acted wisely and effectively. My good friend, Dr. Henry Dobyns, then in charge of the Vicos project, would certainly be the first to admit the oversight and give credit where credit is due.

One further comment: I wish I could share the optimism of your authors with respect to the immediate impact of the project and its widespread acceptance by the Peruvian powers-that-be.

JAMES LOEB, JR.,
Former U.S. Ambassador to Peru.
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The individual who really deserves credit for a contribution to the Vicos project is former Ambassador Loeb himself. Before his arrival at the United States Embassy in Lima, the State Department had offered no help whatever to Cornell anthropologist Allan R. Holmberg, intellectual spark plug of the Vicos transformation. Soon after Mr. Loeb became Ambassador to Peru, he visited Vicos—the first U.S. Ambassador to do so. His Counselor of Embassy, Douglas Henderson (now U.S. charge d'affaires in Lima) shared Ambassador Loeb's active interest in the fate of the* hacienda *and its Indian inhabitants. U.S. Senator-elect Edward Kennedy, of Massachusetts, did visit Vicos later. He did talk to the then Peruvian President Manuel Prado subsequently. But Prado already had been thoroughly briefed on Vicos by his old friend and Indian affairs advisor, Dr. Carlos Monge M. President Prado probably was less influenced by what Mr. Kennedy said to him than by what Mr. Prado was about to do—visit Mr. Kennedy's brother, U.S. President John F. Kennedy, in Washington to seek economic aid for Peru.*

"Will you please stop that 'twinkle, twinkle' nonsense?"

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Movies

Continued from page 27

depths to explore. Yet the film is carefully made, directed by Robert Wise with the highest of technical competence, and it has sensibly been fleshed out with some minor characters and a few extra settings. And now that I have expressed my dissatisfaction that the movie was not something better or more, and confessed that I sat through it relatively unmoved, I will reveal that I sat next to a young woman who, by the end, was all quivering tears. "Did you see the play?" I asked her. "No," she said, happily wiping her streaming eyes. And maybe that's the answer.

An attempt has been made, too, to make Sartre's **"No Exit"** cinematic, with the help of an acting brigade from the Actor's Studio, which, while on a South American tour, acted out the piece before the cameras in Argentina. The results, directed by Tad Danielewski, were reassembled in New York by film editor Carl Lerner, and Vladimer Ussachevsky was called upon to provide an eerie electronic score. The acting by Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam, Morgan Sterne, and Ben Piazza turns out to be slightly stagey, but effective; Mr. Danielewski's directorial notions are, at times, striking; and the music is strange and unsettling, but here is one more case for those who are convinced that plays simply can't make satisfactory movies. The actors, the director, and the composer all seem involved in a fight for dominance, and no one wins. To be sure, Mr. Sartre's existentialist hell does seem rather dated and superficial.

Flotsam from the New Wave has reached our shores, none of it very stimulating. A contemporary version of **"Candide"** wastes the talents of Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur, and Nadia Gray, and it is tasteless enough to lump together under the same satiric bushel the German war horrors and atrocities with French chicanery and the American racial problem. The equation is simply not there, no matter how one stretches it, and the unstirred mixture of fantasy and realism never for a moment jells. In **"Paris Belongs to Us,"** a youthful former film critic, Jacques Rivette, attempts to combine his personal anguish with the universal (so he says), and succeeds in expressing only ineptitude, pretension, and what must be a truly monstrous ego. More artful is **"Sundays and Cybele,"** so artful, in fact, that its young director, Serge Bourguignon, almost succeeds for 110 minutes in obscuring a story that could have been told simply and clearly in a half-hour. A war victim of amnesia creates a fantasy world (and a very dull one) with a twelve-year-old girl, is eventually shot dead for fear he will harm the child. Turns out he would have. The unpleasant little tale is made more so by consciously arty and difficult camera work that comes out only tricky and empty. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

TV and Radio

Continued from page 28

in the free press corner: his record is clear and unmistakable. Nationwide's contract with ABC also speaks for itself. Some observers have expressed pleased surprise at Jim Hagerty's role in the drama. They tend to think of him as spokesman for a Republican White House for eight years. Journalists who knew him as such are unequivocal in their respect for the way he handled that job. One said: "He never lost his newspaper values in the White House." Mr. Hagerty's father was a political writer for the *New York Times* for a generation. The son also was a *Times* reporter before he became press secretary to New York's Governor Dewey and then President Eisenhower. Mr. Hagerty said that since he left Washington, his prime commitment has been to responsible, impartial reporting without favoring Republican or Democrat. His demeanor at the Howard K. Smith political interment of Richard M. Nixon bears this out.

Indeed, if there were still any doubts about his commitment, they were dramatically dispelled a week after the Nixon show when Mr. Hagerty himself appeared on Howard K. Smith's program in a six-minute defense. "Let's get one thing straight," he said. "I'm against Hiss and everything he stands for. I have no use for him, never had, and never will have. But that doesn't alter the fact that he did play an important part in the political career of Richard Nixon."

Mr. Hagerty said the important issue in the controversy was not Mr. Nixon or Mr. Hiss, but "the basic American principle of freedom of the press, of exchange of ideas, free speech, free assent and dissent." He went on to explain the reasoning behind the appearance of Mr. Hiss on the program: "Perfectly aware of the background of Hiss, we sought neither to glorify him nor give him a forum to debate. Representing a chapter in Mr. Nixon's history, it seemed natural to put him on the program in historical context."

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G. Chiding.	215 25 100 57 176 158 38
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J. Foundation.	136 98 59 74 4 12 18 116 194
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P. Flatterer, esp. of great men.	119 185 212 166 149 96 174 180 107
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R. Pertaining to the region of the eye.	127 32 147 95 31 178 193 114 111 40
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T. Very pure form of gelatin.	151 42 90 86 6 36 66 49 99
U. Nickname for Connecticut as a state.	184 106 26 177 11 211
V. Unusual ability to make plants grow (2 wds.).	104 195 37 41 19 51 133 142 206 62
W. Current slang for a city employee who takes off-hours work to augment his income.	216 94 171 88 192 201 113 138 13 61 101
X. Local anemia.	78 46 73 64 203 186 134 162
Y. Author of hymn "Lead, Kindly Light."	210 55 17 108 214 103
Z. What no guest should make his host (2 wds.).	58 208 122 30 189 152 24 92 69

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 A	■	■	2 A	3 F	4 J	5 B	■	■	6 T	7 B	8 A	■	■	9 H	10 K	11 U	12 J	■	■	13 W	14 M	■	■	■
■	■	15 Q	16 B	17 Y	18 J	19 V	20 I	■	■	21 D	22 K	23 B	24 Z	25 G	26 U	27 S	■	■	28 M	29 E	■	■	■	■
30 Z	31 R	■	■	32 R	33 K	34 A	35 E	36 T	37 V	■	■	38 G	39 F	40 R	41 V	■	■	42 T	43 I	44 A	■	■	■	■
45 E	46 X	■	■	47 L	48 C	49 T	50 Q	■	■	51 V	52 M	53 L	■	■	54 S	55 Y	56 O	57 G	■	■	58 Z	■	■	■
59 J	■	■	60 I	61 W	■	■	62 V	63 F	64 X	65 D	66 T	67 E	68 H	69 Z	■	■	70 F	71 S	72 N	■	■	■	■	■
73 X	74 J	75 K	■	■	76 H	77 C	■	■	78 X	79 S	■	■	80 N	81 C	82 H	■	■	83 B	84 I	85 Q	86 T	■	■	■
■	■	87 Q	88 W	89 O	90 T	91 L	■	■	92 Z	93 I	94 W	95 R	96 P	97 O	98 J	■	■	99 T	100 G	101 W	■	■	■	■
102 S	103 Y	104 V	■	■	105 K	106 U	107 P	■	■	108 Y	109 M	110 I	111 R	112 D	113 W	■	■	114 R	115 H	116 J	■	■	■	■
117 I	■	■	118 D	119 P	■	■	120 H	121 L	122 Z	123 F	124 I	■	■	125 L	126 M	127 R	128 N	129 A	130 C	131 B	■	■	■	■
■	■	132 M	133 V	134 X	135 H	136 J	■	■	137 S	138 W	139 B	140 M	■	■	141 D	142 V	143 O	■	■	144 K	145 C	■	■	■
146 A	147 R	■	■	148 B	149 P	150 L	151 T	152 Z	■	■	153 B	154 S	155 C	156 F	■	■	157 C	158 G	159 E	160 O	■	■	■	■
161 S	■	■	162 X	■	■	163 M	164 E	165 N	166 P	167 F	■	■	168 E	169 B	■	■	170 L	171 W	172 M	173 K	■	■	■	■
174 P	175 N	176 G	177 U	178 R	■	■	179 Q	180 P	181 S	■	■	182 E	183 A	184 U	185 P	■	■	186 X	187 N	188 F	■	■	■	■
189 Z	■	■	190 S	191 D	192 W	193 R	■	■	194 J	195 V	196 I	197 S	■	■	198 A	199 D	■	■	200 Q	201 W	202 C	■	■	■
203 X	■	■	204 N	205 F	■	■	206 V	207 N	208 Z	209 B	210 Y	211 U	■	■	212 P	213 N	214 Y	215 G	216 W	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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Napoléon Reçoit à Tilsitt La Reine de Prusse. Détail de la peinture par Gosse. (Musée de Versailles.)

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